

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1865.

REV. CALVIN KINGSLEY, D. D.,  
BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY REV. MOSES HILL, A. M.

THE beautiful engraving which adorns the present number of the Repository is a very just likeness of Rev. Calvin Kingsley, D. D., one of the recently-elected Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Many of your readers will be gratified to find in your present issue the face of a friend long known and highly cherished; while many others who have only known him as a writer, or by general reputation, will be able to form a very just conception of the personal appearance of one of our chief ministers. Our Bishops are more extensively known and perhaps more highly esteemed than any other class of men among us. Their official relation to the whole Church secures to them this preëminence. Others are more circumscribed and local in their interests and influence, but the Bishops are pastors of the whole flock, and their names become household words in all our Methodist families. It is well, therefore, that those newly elected should be introduced to the Church at large, as you have done in the Repository, that our people may become somewhat acquainted both with their appearance and personal history. Bishop Kingsley talks little of himself, and has often refused when desired by his friends to furnish a statement of his early life, and comparatively little is known of him, even by his friends, till he had passed through the severe struggles of his youth and become active in the great questions of the day. But from a long personal acquaintance with him we are able to furnish for the Repository the following sketch to accompany his engraving:

Calvin Kingsley was born in Amesville, Oneida county, New York, September 8, 1812,  
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and is the oldest of a family of twelve children, eleven of whom are still living. His parents, aged respectively seventy-seven and seventy-three, still survive, and being surrounded by the comforts of the present life, and having a good hope for the future, they enjoy a contented and happy old age. Although not liberally educated, yet having been from their youth great readers of such books as were accessible, and being close observers and good judges of human nature, they may be said to be well cultivated and highly intelligent. They commenced the world poor, and have never become rich as the world counts riches. They buried their youngest child, a son, at five years old, and have lived to see the other eleven all grow up, married, and well-settled in life. The whole eleven profess faith in Christ, and two of the remaining three sons are able ministers of the Gospel, while they themselves are ripening for a happy immortality. Such parents have not lived in vain. They have acted well their part on this world's stage, and have laid up their treasures in heaven. Although not members of the Church at the time of the birth of their oldest son, his name plainly indicates "that they leaned sufficiently toward Calvinism." But only the name attaches to the Bishop. On his mother's side they were generally rigid Scotch Presbyterians, and on his father's side all who belonged to any Church belonged to the Presbyterians, with one exception.

Calvin was thus surrounded by influences calculated to prejudice his mind in favor of that system of religious faith indicated by his name. He was of a contemplative habit, even from a child, and thought much on the subject of his soul's salvation. He feared God from his youth, and has often been heard to say he could not remember the period so early in his history that he was not fully persuaded of the necessity of being born of the Spirit in order to be fitted

for heaven. But he had not learned at this early age to take any cheerful views of religion. The faith of his early instructors furnished no such views. There was solemnity enough, and a sufficient sense of God's majesty, and purity, and justice, and sovereignty. There was also an awful sense of the danger of dying without a perfect preparation, but he knew not that there was any cheering view on this side death for the Christian. He never saw but one Methodist preacher or member till he was thirteen years old.

In 1826 his father left Oneida and moved his family into Chautauqua county, the extreme western part of the State. This long move was effected with ox teams in the month of March. Calvin, now fourteen years old, bore his full share in the toils and privations of this long and tedious move. The family settled in the township of Ellington, where the parents still reside. The country was new, and the early settlers were subjected to all the hardships of pioneer life. In this new home he first heard Methodist preaching. And with an unction and power, such as he never before had any conception of, they proclaimed salvation free, and full, and present for every soul of man. He listened with attention to their soul-stirring appeals. He heard their converts testify of the joy they had found in their religious experience. This was all new to him. We have heard him mention one case in particular. George Hinman had experienced religion at a meeting some distance from home. On his return, with a heart full of joy and burning zeal he declared to an astonished group of former friends that he had taken more "solid comfort" in *one hour* since his conversion, than in all his previous life. This opened to his young mind an entirely new view of religion, and did much to dispel the former gloom and sadness which had hung over his mind.

The Methodist singing of that day was a power, and made a lasting impression upon him also. Such hymns as,

"O how happy are they  
Who their Savior obey;"

and

"Come ye sinners, poor and needy;"

"Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast;"

sung as our fathers and mothers sang them, had a powerful influence in leading him to Christ. The clear and happy experience of the Methodists—their usages and their heavenly singing, all commended themselves both to his head and heart, and he thus gained clearer

views of the way of salvation, till he was eighteen years of age, when he was happily converted to God. At this time neither of his parents enjoyed religion, though they had always respected and supported it.

Calvin having counted the cost, made up his mind deliberately to be a Christian, and to discharge every duty, however crossing to flesh and blood. It was not long before he felt it his duty to have family prayers in his father's house. This was one of the greatest trials of his life. Naturally of a very diffident disposition, he trembled at the thought of praying in the presence of his father and mother, the former of whom was much inclined to criticise the religious performances of others. But it must be done. Finally it came to such extremity that he must either discharge this duty, or at least make the effort, or abandon his religion. The question was soon decided. He proposed to his parents, that with their permission he would pray with them in the family morning and evening. They consented, and he entered upon the duty with much trembling, yet found great comfort in thus confessing Christ in his father's house. It was not long, as we might suppose, before he saw both his parents converted and rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

From the time of his conversion he felt an exceedingly strong desire to obtain a collegiate education, but difficulties surrounded him on every hand. His father greatly needed his help in clearing up his new and heavily-timbered farm. For the first two years after moving into Chautauqua county there were no schools in the neighborhood. But Mr. Kingsley took an active part in organizing a district, and erecting a rude log school-house in the wilderness for the benefit of his children. Here his son attended school three months each Winter, and worked on the farm the remainder of the year. After attending school three Winters in this way, he was employed by the trustees to teach the same school for two successive Winters. This afforded him an opportunity, under many difficulties, however, to gratify his longing desire to improve his education. The first books he obtained in advance of those used in the district school he purchased by working a "sugar place" on shares, having one-half of the sugar for doing the work. This he carried on his shoulders, walking on foot, ten miles to Jamestown, where he exchanged his sugar for books with Deacon Fletcher, who then traded in that town. These he studied with an eagerness and enjoyment known only to a mind earnestly thirsting for knowledge. But the country was new, and neither lamps nor

candles were easily obtained. But "fat pine" was plenty in that part of the country. This he used for lights; taking the pieces well saturated with pitch he split them to a convenient size, then lighting one end he had a rude candle, which furnished some light and a great abundance of black smoke. He thus studied these books at night, long after others were asleep. He also carried them by day, one at a time in his pocket, and in the intermissions from hard labor he snatched every moment to master their contents.

Finally, in order to increase his knowledge, and also to assist his father, he engaged to teach a school through the year in an adjoining county, and devote his earnings to clearing lands on the farm. He now had a better chance for study. But the experience was a dear one to him. The labor of a large school, where all the branches usually taught, and several extra ones, was necessarily great, and occupied fully eight hours each day. When this exhausting labor was over he applied himself so closely to his books, that after nearly two years spent in this way his health failed. Having rested a few months, his health so far improved as to enable him to teach another Winter school, the avails of which were his sole dependence to help him into college.

During this Winter—1835—he received license to exhort. This was done wholly without his knowledge till the written license was presented to him by the preacher in charge. He had studiously kept all his anxious thoughts on this subject to himself, never referring to the question even to his most intimate friends. But God was moving his great heart to the work of the ministry, and the Church soon made the discovery and forced the subject upon his attention. At first it seemed a thing impossible for him to preach the Gospel. But he reasoned thus, as we have heard him remark in relating his experience, "All things are possible with God. And if he has called me to this work, he can and will assist me to do it." Reasoning after this manner, and trusting in God for help, he entered upon these duties with great fear and trembling. But the Lord owned and blessed the labors of his servant. Two excellent revivals followed his efforts, both among his scholars and others, the fruits of which remain unto this day.

Having thus used well the office of an exhorter, he was licensed to preach in 1837. After receiving his pay for his Winter's teaching he purchased a suit of clothes, and with twenty dollars remaining he entered Alleghany College in 1836. Five years after he graduated at this

institution, having in the mean time been obliged to leave and teach school at two different times during that period. His proficiency in his studies soon attracted the attention of the Faculty, and he had not been in College more than three terms before he was appointed tutor in mathematics. This greatly assisted him, both in his studies and in his finances. Thus studying, teaching, and laboring with his hands he graduated in 1841, and was the same year elected Professor of Mathematics in his alma mater.

During this year he was married to Miss Delia Scudder, an excellent Christian lady, who has made one of the best of wives, and who still lives to see the husband of her youth in possession of the highest honors the Church can bestow. This year also he joined the Erie Annual Conference, and was appointed to Seagerstown circuit, and the following year as junior preacher to Meadville station, with Rev. B. S. Hill as preacher in charge. These appointments were made that he might be in the "regular work;" for the Discipline then required that a preacher should literally travel and preach two years before he could be admitted to orders. This work he performed in addition to his heavy college duties. In 1843 he was admitted into full connection, and ordained deacon by Bishop Soule. Two years later he was ordained elder by Bishop Hamline.

In 1843 Pennsylvania withdrew the appropriations which she had formerly made to the colleges within her bounds, and it was found impossible for Alleghany College to proceed further without an endowment. The College, therefore, suspended its usual functions for one year, and Professor Kingsley was appointed an agent with others to enter upon the herculean task of endowing a college. For this purpose he worked night and day, traveling and preaching every-where over a territory of country hundreds of miles in extent, and receiving for his year's service \$200, less than twenty of which he could make available for his support. During this year Professor Kingsley held his famous debate with Luther Lee. The public mind was greatly excited on the question of slavery. Scott, Sunderland, and Lee had seceded from the Church in the East, and Edward Smith, Joseph Burras, and others had left it in the West. The True Wesleyan had been started to carry forward the unfinished work of the old Zion's Watchman, and was most terrific in its charges against the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Utica Convention had been held and the True Wesleyan Church organized. Abby Kelley and Stephen Foster, with others of like

stripe, were moving through the country charging all the evils of slavery, and the wrongs of the oppressed upon the Churches, and especially upon the Methodist. Luther Lee came through Chautauqua county with a view to organize the new Church and to shake the foundations of the old. Lee's attack upon the Methodist Episcopal Church was terrible. He claimed that our Church was decidedly pro-slavery in her character, and cruelly oppressive in her government and practices.

Professor Kingsley's position on the question of slavery had been early and well chosen. From the first he had been a decidedly anti-slavery man, but his antislavery principles had never in the least arrayed him against his Church. He knew there was not one element in Methodism that had any sympathy with slavery. He, therefore, entered into an arrangement with Lee for a public discussion of these questions. The debate was opened in Salem and closed in Jamestown, Chautauqua county, New York. Lee was assisted by Edward Smith, and Kingsley by J. J. Steadman and Thomas Graham. The whole question, perhaps, has never been more thoroughly discussed since the great controversy came before the people. Here Professor Kingsley at once showed himself a master. His perfect coolness, his good temper, his skill in detecting sophistry, his ability in stating his positions at once marked him as a debater of the highest order. His closing speech, so full of argument and tender pathos, has not been forgotten by those who heard it. The result of this discussion was favorable. The spirit of secession received a check, and our Church in that locality was never stronger than at present.

This year's labor greatly increased the rising reputation of Professor Kingsley, and gave him a strong position in his Conference. He was stationed at the city of Erie the two following years. Here he found himself in the regular pastoral work, for which he always had a strong attachment. The Church greatly prospered under his labors. His congregations were large, and many were converted. Here also he held another public discussion with a Universalist minister who was considered a great champion, and who had a large congregation in that city. This debate occupied the greater part of one week, and it is not exceeding the truth to say Professor Kingsley was abundantly successful. Many sent him tokens of respect, and some very substantial donations for the needful service he had rendered the cause of truth and religion in that place. While in this station he reviewed, in two lectures, a work on

the resurrection by Professor Bush. Leading members of his congregation desired these lectures for publication, which resulted in a work published at our Book Room in New York, entitled, "Kingsley on the Resurrection." This work received the cordial indorsement of our Church periodicals, and was highly eulogized by the religious press generally.

He loved the work of a preacher, and had made up his mind to devote his life to what was called the "regular work." Accordingly he sent his resignation to the Trustees of the College as Professor of Mathematics, but they declined to accept it, and urged him, as also did many others, to return to his former labors, insisting that the good of the College absolutely demanded it. He yielded to these entreaties against his own preference, and also against his own pecuniary interest. His connection with the College, in a pecuniary point of view, was at a sacrifice of hundreds of dollars annually. To our certain knowledge he was offered in the regular work twice as much salary as the College paid him. But while in College he was in fact as well as in feeling an itinerant preacher, as the entire region round Meadville can testify. He would teach five days in the week, hearing five or six classes daily, then leave for a distant appointment, preach from two to five times, and hurry back on Monday morning to meet his classes. His experience of college life has led him to sympathize largely with that noble class of men who, by their labors and sacrifices, are upholding our literary institutions. And he has no sympathy whatever with any who would wish to punish or in any way undervalue their brethren who, in obedience to the demands of the Church, labor in our colleges and seminaries of learning, while most of them, so far as comfort and support are concerned, could do abundantly better in other fields of labor.

In February, 1846, he left his station in Erie and returned to Meadville. He was cordially received back by his old friends and entered at once upon his college duties. The Unitarians in the mean time had established a school of high grade in Meadville, and brought from New England a gentleman by the name of Stebbins, who served both as president of their school and pastor of their congregation. He was a fine scholar, a good speaker, and a bold and decided Unitarian. His fine speaking drew together a large congregation, and the social position of the Unitarians in Meadville made him a power in the community. In his preaching he attacked with great vehemence the doctrine of the Trinity—the divinity of Christ—



the personality and divinity of the Holy Ghost, the doctrine of atonement, and other points in the orthodox faith. The public mind seemed turning toward the Unitarian faith. The ministers of the place in their various pulpits replied, but seemed not to arrest the public mind. In this state of things various gentlemen from the different Churches invited Professor Kingsley to deliver a few lectures on these points. This call he readily answered, and delivered seven lectures on the distinctive features of Unitarianism, defending also with masterly ability the great truths of the orthodox faith. These lectures were listened to by the great mass of the people, and were productive of great good. These lectures are in manuscript, and if the author would bring them out in book form they would prove a great addition to our literature on those subjects.

In 1852 he led his delegation by a decided vote as a member of the General Conference held in Boston; and though a comparative stranger to many of the brethren, yet he made so favorable an impression on the delegates that in the election of Bishops he received upward of forty votes for the Episcopacy. In 1853 the Genesee College conferred on him the degree of "Doctor of Divinity." He again led his delegation for the General Conference of 1856, and was an active member of the Committee on Slavery, but took no part in the discussion of that question in open Conference, owing to a severe illness which confined him to his room. At this Conference he was elected editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, as the successor of the venerable Doctor Elliott. Some who were unacquainted with Dr. Kingsley's ability feared for the success of the paper, but only a few weeks served to dispel all fears, and perhaps the *Western* never had a more popular editor.

The editorial chairs for the different Church periodicals were filled, at this Conference, by men representing both sides of the great controversy. This caused some little friction in the working of our Church literature. This was perhaps the best that could have been done at that time. The brethren were courteous toward each other, and the subject was discussed freely and fully, and at the end of four years the Church was prepared for harmony of sentiment in her General Conference papers. The *Western Advocate*, in the hands of Dr. Kingsley, was understood by all to be a decidedly-progressive antislavery paper. He claimed from the first, that it was due to justice and religion that the Methodist Episcopal Church should so change her General Rule on slavery that her

position would be entirely unequivocal on that subject. In 1860 he was again in the General Conference held in Buffalo, and was made Chairman of the Committee on Slavery. This was a difficult position to fill. The parties were strong and determined. The one demanded some advanced action on the subject of slavery, and the other that the Discipline should remain as it was. Many who were interested for Dr. Kingsley's standing feared that his position here must cost him both friends and influence. The question was beset with great difficulties, and the Committee labored long and hard to remove them, but in vain. So the question, with all its difficulties, was brought into open Conference to be determined by that body. Dr. Kingsley judged it best to argue the subject thoroughly in the body of his report. This he did with a skill and power which did great credit both to his head and heart. Some thought it the strongest article they had seen on that subject, while all agreed that it was a very able and Christian document. But the Conference was not so united on the propositions to change the General Rule and adopt the new chapter. These questions were debated at great length and with great energy. Having fully discussed the subject in his report Dr. Kingsley was silent during this debate till the last, when he was permitted by the Conference, as Chairman of the Committee, to close the discussion. In this speech he fully justified the expectations of his friends, and added to his already extended reputation. This speech was not only clear and forcible, but full of Christian sympathy and tenderness. He felt the great importance of the measure for our Church in the East, North, and West, and he also comprehended the difficulties which it would bring upon our brethren along the border.

The effect of such a closing of the discussion was most salutary. Brethren felt, though they could not harmonize in their views, yet they were one in heart. I do not refer to this scene to call up in any mind an unpleasant sensation; but a sketch of Bishop Kingsley, without a reference to this case, would be very imperfect. Perhaps he never will occupy a position of more vital importance or responsibility than on that occasion. May he ever sustain himself as well!

At this Conference he was reelected editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. The Methodist was immediately started in New York, and Dr. Bond was at the head of the *Baltimore Advocate*; both these papers were strongly opposed to the action of the General Conference,

and the signs of the times indicated another four years of strife in the Church. But the great rebellion broke out the following Winter, which so united the feelings of the North that the controversy in the Church, growing out of the slavery question, entirely ceased. Dr. Kingsley now brought the whole force of the Advocate to bear in support of the Government in putting down the rebellion. Some, indeed, thought him too decided; that his paper had too much to do with politics; but the great body of the Church and people looked upon the Western Advocate as a great power for good in saving the nation. The Methodist press and the Methodist pulpit have been true to this Government, and deserve no little credit in saving this country from this terrible rebellion.

Dr. Kingsley was elected to the General Conference of 1864, making the fourth time his Conference so honored him, always leading his delegation. At this General Conference he was duly elected and ordained to the office of Bishop, the highest honor the Church had to bestow. He takes his seat on the Episcopal bench in the prime of life, in good health and mature judgment, and the Church may expect much from him in the future. The Erie Conference, at its session after his election, invited him to make his future home within their bounds, and after a consultation with his colleagues he concluded to do so, and brought his family to the city of Cleveland, where he now resides. His old friends have purchased him a fine property, which they will present him as a pleasant home for himself and family.

Bishop Kingsley is an able writer, and is extensively known as such throughout the Church. As a preacher he ranks high. He is always instructive and entertaining, and one who hears him will desire to hear him again. He is eminently an expounder of the Scriptures. There often attends his preaching a vein of tenderness peculiarly his own, and the truth falls on the hearts of his hearers as the dew, and as the gentle shower. At times he rises into a strain of great earnestness and power; when he does he has but few equals, and no superiors as a preacher.

#### CONTENTMENT.

THAT happy state of mind, so rarely possessed, in which we can say, "I have enough," is the highest attainment of philosophy. Happiness consists, not in possessing much, but in being content with what we possess. He who wants little always has enough.

#### MY LAUNDRESS.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

"PERMIT my congratulations upon the choice selection you have made," sneered Adonis, as his critical glance fell upon the title of this article. I could not be offended; the subject has few fascinations I admit, and yet I choose to offer it for your consideration. The thistle is a common sort of plant, but as well worth studying perhaps as pinks or violets. Besides, we have a surfeit nowadays of choice alliterative themes. Indeed, the more I think about it the more I am disposed to plume myself upon my subject—to which let me now address myself.

Nocturne and I were walking down the street talking with animation about two beautiful engravings of the famous statues, "Night and Morning," which had that day been given her. Somehow every thing chimed with my mood, which was a very pleasant one. The day was splendid; the air was inspiration, and in the exultant spirit which these influences gave, I dared to think of the serene, triumphant face of "Morning" as but faintly shadowing forth the companionships of that wonderful life which hastens to be mine. Far up in the fathomless blue that marvelous face seemed outlined, the faintness of the limning only adding to the intenseness of my gaze. Just then a heavy step fell on the graveled sidewalk; she was crossing the street not a yard ahead of us—my laundress. When a painful contrast smites us we are apt to think. There was no mistaking the identity of this person who had so ruthlessly put a radiant reverie to flight; no mistaking the heavy mouth, retreating forehead, and upturned nose; the faded shawl and worn-out hood; the rounded shoulders and clumsy step. No, the badges were upon her, branded into the face by a lifelong consciousness of inferiority; by a thousand stifled ambitions and thwarted purposes; certified by the mode of that life and its result. Nocturne turned in at her own gate and ran lightly up the steps to her own door. I paused a moment, pleasing myself by contemplation of the grace which every attitude and movement of my charming friend revealed—from the sprightly nod which she bestowed upon me as we parted, to the last, tripping step which carried her beyond my sight.

How great a gulf is fixed between those two! I thought, as I walked on, life has no mystery darker than this. What would Eve say, I wonder, to these her daughters? and for which would her motherly heart conceive the

tenderest love? Doubtless, with that wonderful and changeless instinct of motherhood, she would love her best whom Fortune had most disregarded.

Nocturne and Bridget may fairly serve as types of their respective classes. What good gifts life dispenses to the first! The commonplace necessities of every day come not to her as such, but wear some amiable disguise. And this disguise is so complete that hunger—if I may utter a word so harsh in ears polite—is made the cause of an enjoyment which, although we are not wont to say so, is keen and by no means unrefined; while to thirst, its unromantic congener, we owe our relish for the fragrant Mocha and the famous cups

"Which cheer but not inebriate."

The elegant appointments of a table where damask conceals mahogany, and where china, silver, and cut-glass support viands culled from every zone and prepared with a skill which an extensive literature of cook-books and centuries of practice contribute to perfect, can not very vividly remind one of the physical demand which sends the beggar from door to door, or the cabin where poverty dispenses, at the hands of the hard-working mother, a boiled potato seasoned with salt to each of the clamorous "childer." And the merry jest and spirited rejoinder, the tinkle of spoons and of laughter, which form the accompaniments to breakfast, dinner, and tea in the houses of ease and elegance are very remotely allied to those sounds which betoken the rapid imbibition of fluids and the energetic mastication of solids at the tables of the poor. In like manner the tasteful selection of styles and grouping of colors in dress, considered so essential by those composing what we call the "better classes," is so far removed from the careful contrivances of poverty that we can hardly think the underlying need the same.

Bridget, after great deliberation and frequent consultation with sympathizing friends, concludes that she must have a woolen shawl in order that she may not catch her death's cold when she goes to "mass." So, taking her wallet with its hoarded treasure of ten dollars, she wends her way to town. She enters one store after another in pursuit of the desired pattern and price—both being extremely difficult to find. She is flippantly accosted by lily-handed, garrote-collared clerks; is spitefully entreated by the same young gentlemen when she meekly suggests, "Av ye plaze, could n't ye let this go a dollar chaper to the likes o' me?" is swept aside with an imperious gesture while a more

attractive customer is served; is jostled on the sidewalk, elbowed off the crossing, angrily reprimanded the third time that she counts her money before paying for her purchase when it is finally made, and returns to her cheerless home with an assured conviction that this world is n't a very pleasant place, and her shawl not such a wonderful prize after all, though praised be St. Patrick that she got it at all.

Does n't your heart ache for her, just a little, under your broadcloth and velvet? Well, if it does n't it ought to ache, that's all.

Nocturne sees a pretty fur collar or a handsome cloak at Blank's, and reflecting that her last Winter's sack is getting out of style, tells papa—very prettily, of course—that she will be obliged to him for a treasury note of a rather high denomination, and upon papa's placing it in her hand with his usual generous air, she wends her way to town. Of course she goes to Blank's—that is the best establishment. Her well-known face secures for her immediate attention. She is a very desirable customer, having already patronized the firm to a most liberal extent; but a face and manner like hers would insure every civility, even were she unheralded by an enviable reputation. So the lily-handed gentlemen vie with each other to pay her honors; the proprietor himself comes forward and amid most assiduous attentions the purchase is made, the elegant little porte-monnaie is opened, the bill is paid, the order, "Please send to my street and number," is interrupted by the obsequious acquiescence of the clerks, and Nocturne is bowed out of the store with the profoundest deference. Nocturne and Bridget must both provide for Winter; the demand is identical; the mode of meeting that demand how different!

And yet, when all is said, these are but minor matters. I think more sadly of my laundress for other griefs than these.

A favorite servant once said to me as she wiped the perspiration from her face after a hard day's work, "I wonder if you ever think what a poor life it is for us who must be always managing to get a bit to eat and something to wear? We must be always working for the body and doing nothing for the soul, and yet after a while the body 'll go away from us, but the soul, you know, never goes away."

I can not forget the words, and memory still brings back with sad distinctness the plaintive tones in which poor, patient Margaret said, "The soul, you know, will never go away." Pitiful as it is to be hungry and cold; painfully industrious as a woman must be to ward off these by the labors of the laundry, there is

something still more pitiful in the life-long hunger of unfed capacities, and the unawakening stupor of faculties unused.

A deformed body is a sad sight, I know; but who shall paint the frightful portrait of a deformed soul? We think but little of it in this world where things visible so much engross us, but it is none the less true that the friendly screen of a material form delivers us from the hideous spectacle which many an undisguised soul would present.

Weakened and shriveled by disease; distorted by the life-long grasp of ignorance, scarred in its futile strife with fate; stung by a world's implied contempt, what conception is so terrible as this of a thwarted will, a barren intellect, an outraged sensibility?

For that weary, uncouth woman who broke the spell of my reverie, the torch of history is still unlighted; for her science reveals no secret, artists evoke from canvas the visions which haunt their dreams, sculptors carve their thoughts in marble, and singers make from lyre and organ mystic voices to mingle with their own; but these radiant revelations of the beautiful are lavished on more favored lives than hers. I know this is a land of plenty; I know the rich are often generous, and our thoughts are turned toward the poor in every prayer we hear and often in our sermons and our songs. But do we think enough of their great loss in losing throughout all their years the choicest treasures that enrich our own? With what zest do we gather truth after truth into our memories! How keen is our relish for "the quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore;" for the calm and kindly teaching of the wise and good who flourished in past ages! How we please ourselves with song and story, with following the explorer into strange and distant regions, or visiting with the tourist the shrines of learning and of beauty in all lands and centuries, so that we count our books a solace from all trouble and loneliness, and turn to them for comfort when all other sources fail!

But contemplate a life that has no past; that wins from the wisdom of sages, the eloquence of orators, and the inspiration of poets no comforting suggestion; a life undignified by research—unbeautified by accomplishment! We do well to think with tenderest regret of these for whom no Shakspeare "holds the mirror up to Nature's face," no Wordsworth muses, no Milton sings! But we do better if we work and pray to bring again that golden age of which traditions tell us, when all men's weal shall be each man's care; when the only aristocracy known upon the earth shall be the aris-

tocracy of wisdom; to whose loftiest seat the patient steps of the poorest may certainly attain.

#### AN INVOCATION TO SPRING.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

SWEET Spring, come forth from the South;  
April, fling down your showers;  
Dear robin, ope your musical mouth,  
And wake the sleeping flowers.

I'm tired of the cold, white snow;  
Of the hills so bare and bleak;  
I long to feel the May-winds blow  
Across my fevered cheek.

I'm tired of the beating rain,  
Of the blast that's never still;  
I sigh for the springing grass again,  
And the song of the happy rill.

I weary whene'er I view  
The dark and angry skies;  
I long to behold the beautiful blue,  
With clouds of rose-hued skies.

The trill of the glad blue-bird,  
With buds on the lilac-tree,  
Would be music as sweet as ever I heard,  
And a pleasant sight to me.

The breath of the violet sweet,  
The tender blue of its eye,  
The touch of the grass to my weary feet,  
And the zephyr's whispered sigh,

Would thrill my being through  
With joy as rich and deep,  
As thrilled the stars in yonder blue  
When earth waked up from sleep.

I'm thinking ever of death,  
And the cold and chilling tomb,  
When I feel the north-wind's icy breath,  
And view the sky's deep gloom.

I'm thinking ever of grief,  
Of loving ones laid low,  
As I watch the fading of the leaf,  
And the falling of the snow.

'T is well to think of the change  
That cometh to one and all,  
And of the shadows so dark and strange  
That on each brow must fall.

But sweeter to think of the time  
When, springing above the sod,  
We'll brighten anew in that holier clime,  
The fragrant gardens of God.

Such thoughts come with the Spring,  
With bursting buds and flowers,  
And peace folds down her radiant wing  
On these tired hearts of ours.

Then come, sweet Spring, from the South;  
April, fling down your showers;  
Dear robin, ope your musical mouth,  
And wake the sleeping flowers.



## IMAGINATION IN PROSE LITERATURE.

BY REV. T. M. GRIFFITH.

IMAGINATION is acknowledged to be an indispensable element in poetry; why should it not be considered a great power in prose literature? Its use is not dependent upon poetic measures. The little child feels its influence when, with face all aglow, he narrates the petty triumphs he has achieved, and the scenes of wonder that inspire his fresh young life. The artist throws upon his canvas the representations that only his eye of genius could discover, and men gaze entranced, although he speaks not a word. Music is not essentially poetry, but it is imagination embodied in song; and as it flows through all the aisles and avenues of the inner being, man awakes to a purer life, and his aspirations look heavenward. Our Savior did not attempt to utter his words of heavenly wisdom through the medium of poetry, yet how many lessons of instruction did he impart in "speaking pictures" drawn from imagination! If all moral teachers would imitate the great Exemplar in this respect we can not but think that the people that hear would find a greater attractiveness in the Gospel. It is not mere truth that the world wants, but *living* truth, sparkling and fresh with the life it brings with it from the land of its origin. Let it come in beauty and in music to the hearts of men, bringing its blessed evangel of hope and love, or, in tones of overwhelming authority, let it speak to dead consciences and souls asleep in sin.

The ancient world had one source of power which we have not. The prevalence of superstition gave a rich coloring to the literature of the early ages. We do not deny that Christianity has sublimer sources of inspiration than any false religion that ever prevailed, but mythology compelled the world to look at nature in the light of a fervid and ennobling imagination. She pictured her supreme deity wielding the lightnings on shadowy Olympus, the god of the sea skimming the waves with his light chariot, or shaking the earth with his revengeful trident, the goddess of beauty winning the groveling sons of men to harmony and loveliness. In every operation of nature there was seen the mysterious agency of some invisible power. Night wrapped her slumbering brood of mortals in her starry wings; the dawn with rosy fingers parted the curtain of the skies; Sirens allured man's trembling steps to pleasure, and fate snapped the cord of life asunder. The blind old minstrel of Scio

knew well how to use the magic wand which imagination put into his hands. Wandering from village to village he sang those strains which have been the delight of all ages. The crowd of rustics heard with wonder as he told them of Divine power, of martial bravery, and relentless destiny, of Achilles' wrath and Hector's godlike strength. He told them how the gods came down and fought with mortal men, and how the daring Diomed raised his presumptuous spear against one clad in celestial armor; told them of the splendors of the heavenly court and the banquets of the gods, where immortal youths ministered ambrosial meats and filled the foaming bowl. No wonder if the rustic crowd listened entranced and blessed the minstrel as he went his way.

During long ages of intellectual and moral night, when poesy had bidden the world farewell, a superstitious imagination supplied her place. On the moonlight plains of the Orient the assembled shepherds heard in breathless silence the story of "Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp," or that instructive fiction of the enchanted mount which many had attempted to ascend in order to gain the prize on its summit, but, called by stern voices behind them, or allured by sweetest music, they turned to look and instantly were changed to stone. To the mind of the rude peasant spirits of light and of darkness seemed to make their obtrusive visits, and ghosts of the dead in dread array wandered over the earth. But now the reign of superstition is succeeded by the reign of a chaste and Christian imagination. Under her favoring auspices poesy thrills with more exalted strains, music fills the world with flowing symphonies, the painter's pencil and sculptor's chisel, guided by her mysterious agency, achieve new triumphs. At her bidding

"The eternal heavens  
Disclose their splendors, and the dark abyss  
Pours out her births unknown."

The writers of fiction have always wielded a great power, and perhaps their influence never was so powerful as in the present age. We can not but think the time is past for denunciations against fiction in itself. Rather should Christian teachers and philanthropists seize this great power and apply it to its legitimate ends. Why should such an engine of good be abandoned to the cause of evil? Imagination is as much a God-given faculty of the mind as reason or memory, and is designed to be used for all beneficent and holy purposes. The great Teacher used it; Bunyan, whose imaginary pilgrim marks the real road to Para-

dise, made use of it from beginning to end of his immortal allegory; and almost all eminent and successful instructors of mankind have depended much upon its power. The Christian world has so far recognized its use that there is no longer need of going outside a Christian literature in order to receive its pleasing influence. And not only has Religion called fiction into her service, but she has diffused a sanctifying element through the fictitious literature of the world. Few writers of eminence in the present day would have the boldness to pen a fiction the aim of which would be to exalt vice and depreciate virtue. The periodical literature of the land contains much that is light and trashy, it is true; but scarcely any periodical that has circulation in cultivated society would dare defame the sacred name of religion through the fictitious scenes and characters which it presents, while many a pleasant tale of virtuous triumph or domestic affection leads the reader to a greater love of the beautiful and the good, and imaginary yet truthful sketches of vice in its repulsive manifestations warn the youthful mind from the broad road of folly.

The secret of fiction's great power for moral ends is, that it embodies abstract truths and makes them live as in the world of sense. The moralist is more successful who teaches by ideals. Hannah More wrote a treatise on "Practical Piety" which did much good; she also wrote "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," which, perhaps, accomplished tenfold more good than the former, for it went directly to the hearts and homes of the people. The Church should take advantage of the same principle. Romanism influences the masses through crucifixes, paintings, and an imposing ritual; Puritanical zeal would sweep all these aside and leave only the immediately spiritual. Ministers of the Gospel should paint and personate in their preaching. We heard a local preacher last Sabbath. His text was, "Ask and ye shall receive." We have heard many who were more eminent and gifted than he present the same truths, but he sketched such vivid scenes from practical life that the whole subject seemed to live before the eye.

The objection is often urged against fictitious literature that it gives romantic ideas of life. But is it not well sometimes to rise up from dull reality into regions of romance and beauty? Instead of making life seem unattractive by contrast with an unreal existence, how often does some inspiring story or pictured scene presented by a master-mind lift the spirit to nobler aspirations and cast a glory upon life

unrealized before! And yet fiction may be true to nature and humanity though not true to facts. The parable of the "prodigal son" we suppose was not founded upon facts, but rather was founded upon *truth*. This leads us to see how men of limited experience in the world of facts may be powerful teachers of truth, because they have all the unnumbered ideals in imagination's realm from which to select *personations* of truth. Sometimes these personations have as real an existence in the world of mind as their counterparts in the world of sense. The old realists thought ideals lived. They were not so very far astray after all. Which is more real to the school-boy, Alexander Selkirk or "Robinson Crusoe?" Every body knows "Ichabod Crane," and "Rip Van Winkle," and "Samivel Weller." Every body laughs over the adventures of the "Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance," and his redoubtable attendant, "Sancho Panza." "Uncle Tom" is not yet dead. More than one "Paul Fleming" invokes the "spirit of the past," and soliloquizes over old ruins. "Teufelsdröckh," with his profound "philosophy of clothes," has many a near relative. Principles, too, assume a living form under the magic touch of imagination. The fox that could not reach the grapes and said "they are sour," has been copied by many an unfortunate individual. "Telemachus" and "Mentor" never stood together on that rock overlooking the sea as they escaped from the bowers of luxuriant gratification; but many a youth has been rescued from vicious pleasures by the power of wise counsel and pushed from the rock into the sea of destiny to struggle manfully for a better life. The lovely "Exile of Siberia" never traveled that long, cold journey to St. Petersburg to ask pardon for her father, but filial affection in thousands of happy homes has made even greater sacrifices for parents as fondly loved. But the thousands who actually live are individually unknown. Imagination takes the principles that ennoble them, and, in order that all the world may behold, admire, and imitate, assigns them to forms that move and breathe on the glowing page of fiction.

But let the adventurer on the enchanted land of fiction beware. There are embodiments of truth, and scenes of beauty, and priceless treasures of wisdom; but there are also barren wastes void of every substantial good, and there is a magic that may lead the wanderer on till reason ceases to attract and life's dull realities no longer please; he may turn away from all lofty aims and waste the energies of his heaven-endowed spirit in frivolous pursuits; he may

go on and on, finding bewildering pleasures and thrills of excitement, but not one germ of precious truth to enrich the immortal mind. And more than this, there are windings of error and scenes of corruption, secret paths of folly and false lights that lead to despair, bright, delusive dreams of happiness that charm to deceive and allure but to destroy.

### OUR EMPIRE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY BISHOP D. W. CLARK.

#### NUMBER II.

IT was decidedly cool in you, Mr. Editor, to preface my former article with the ominous "No. I." It was cooler still to assure me when I erased the obnoxious repellant from the proof that it was already stereotyped. So I am obliged to furnish "No. II" or to appear as a delinquent. It seems natural for me to talk to the patrons and friends of the Repository. It is pleasant to do so. It is like talking in one's own family. Yet after one has been talking a long time there seems to be a fitness in keeping silence. The theme indicated by the caption of my former article is not easily exhausted. I shall neither attempt its exhaustion nor even any systematic method in its treatment. A few fragments—*membra disjecta*—only will be thrown out for the reader to gather, and they will be as little connected with individual journalism as possible.

#### CALIFORNIA ANTIQUA.

It is a curious fact that while the Atlantic coast of North America has been explored and settled for three hundred years, and was covered by a population numbering millions, the Pacific coast was comparatively unknown till within a very few years. I have before me a map of "Antiqua California" and "Nueva California," bearing the date of "1787." This map gives an outline of Lower California and the gulf, following the Colorado of the west up as far as to the mouth of the Gila. The outline of the Pacific coast runs as far north as to the entrance into the Bay of San Francisco. This was pretty much all that was then known of the coast. And the only places of note giving any indication of human life are the Jesuit missions established here and there.

Around these missions were gathered a few half-civilized Indians and Mexicans. But outside their range upon the vast, sandy, and almost barren plains, among the mountains and along

the water-courses, were to be found here and there specimens of humanity scarcely above the level of the brute creation. Their descendants are the Peiruts and Diggers of the present day.

In 1537 Hernando Cortez sailed north from his Port of Tehuantepec with several vessels, transporting four hundred Spaniards and three hundred negro slaves, expecting to discover and subjugate another new country. He followed the western coast of Mexico up to the head of the Gulf of California. Here "sands, and rocks, and sterile mountains—a parched and thorny waste—vanquished the conqueror of Mexico." He was glad to escape with his life.

During that century other attempts were made to explore the Pacific coast. In 1578 Sir Francis Drake touched upon the coast north of San Francisco and took possession of the country in the name of Queen Elizabeth. This was before Sir Walter Raleigh had even sailed on his first voyage to Virginia, and forty years before the landing of the Pilgrim fathers on the rock of Plymouth. He says that the natives mistook them for gods, and worshiped them and offered sacrifices to them. He says also that "there is no part of earth here to be taken up wherein there is not a reasonable quantitie of gold and silver." Yet, strange to say, from that time forward for over two hundred years this region remained unexplored and almost unvisited. The captain says that before he sailed away he "set up a monument of our being there, as also of her Majestie's right and title to the same; namely, a plate nailed upon a faire great poste, whereupon was ingraven her Majestie's name, the day and yeare of our arrival there, with the free giving up of the province and people into her Majestie's hands, together with her Highness' picture and arms, in a piece of five pence of current English money under the plate, where under was also written the name of our General."

"Sir Francis Drake's Bay" is only a few miles north of the Golden Gate. It is a matter of wonder that some antiquary has not before this found the "plate" and the "piece of five pence of current English money."

#### THE JESUIT AND FRANCISCAN MISSIONS.

We referred to the Jesuit missions in Lower California. These were commenced about the year 1700. The historian justly says that "with patient art and devoted zeal they accomplished that which had defied the energy of Cortez and baffled the efforts of the Spanish monarchy for generations afterward. They

possessed themselves of Lower California and occupied the greater part of that peninsula, repulsive as it was, with their missions." The sacrifices of these men, their isolation from civilized and Christian society, their daily privations, perils, and toils cheerfully endured, afford a sublime spectacle to the world, and, in these respects at least, a sublime example to the modern Christian missionary. Their mission, it is true, failed, but will it not in the great day be said of some of them, "He hath done what he could?"

The Jesuits continued to cultivate this unpromising soil till 1767, when they were banished from the Spanish dominions and their work transferred to the Franciscans. This celebrated order continued to push their work northward till within a few years they had established missions at Monterey, Santa Clara, and San Francisco. This last was established in 1776—the very year of the declaration of independence of the United States.

The great pioneer and leader of the Franciscans in California was father Junipero. It is piously said of him that "he had already greatly distinguished himself in the conversion and civilization of heathen savages in other parts of Mexico, and afterward had preached revivals of the faith in Christian places, illustrating the strength of his convictions and the fervor of his zeal by demonstrations which would startle us now coming from the pulpit, such as burning his flesh with the blaze of a candle, beating himself with a chain, and bruising his breast with a stone which he carried in his hand." His energy and force of character were equal to any emergency. His feet were clad only with sandals. He would never allow himself to wear boots or shoes, or even stockings. Though lame in one of his limbs, most of his journeys were performed on foot. It is said that on one occasion, when in great suffering, he called a muleteer and said, "Son, do n't you know some remedy for the sore on my foot and leg?" But the muleteer answered, "Father, what remedy can I know? Am I a surgeon? I am a muleteer, and have only cured the sore backs of beasts." "Then consider me a beast," said the father, "and this sore, which has produced this swelling of my legs, and the grievous pains I am suffering, and that neither let me stand nor sleep, to be a sore back, and give me the same treatment you would apply to a beast." The muleteer, smiling, answered, "I will, father, to please you;" and taking a small piece of tallow, mashed it between two stones, mixing with it herbs, which he found growing close by, and,

having heated it over the fire, anointed the foot and leg, leaving a plaster of it on the sore. The result was that the father was cured of his lameness and resumed his journeyings. With unwearied zeal he prosecuted his work till his death, in 1784. With all his defects of faith and of Christian work, he richly merits a place and a name among the moral heroes of the world.

We would not deny that some good was effected for the Indians by these "missions." But that it was very limited, the results after more than a century and a quarter too plainly attest. They never numbered more than twenty thousand, all told, and a large portion of these could be hardly said to be redeemed from barbarism, much less converted to Christianity. When a "mission" was established the adult natives were attracted by presents of cloth, food, and trinkets, the children by bits of sugar or toys. As soon as they could repeat a few prayers and a confession of faith they were baptized, and henceforth regarded as Christians. It must also be said that the priests sought to collect them into villages around the missions, and to teach them some of the arts and usages of civilized life. But, alas! not unfrequently the priest sank down to the Indian instead of bringing him up to the level of the Christian. And beyond the immediate vicinity of these missions the wide wastes of barbarism remained unaffected. Yet we must not condemn too harshly this lack of success, but remember how little has been really accomplished by Protestant missions among Indians superior in every respect to these poor, degraded natives of California.

The priests planted vineyards, orchards, and the olive. They raised large herds of cattle, so that their hides became an article of commerce. They produced flour, wine, and various other articles of common necessity, and manufactured cloth, leather, soap, tiles, adobes, etc., for traffic as well as for use. But so far as spreading civilization and Christianity over the land was concerned, these missions, with all the long-suffering endurance of the missionary priests, were a failure. A more vigorous race, no less than the regenerating power of a purer faith, was necessary to this end.

#### THE RANCH AND THE RODEO.

The old Spanish-Mexican Government at an early day, to encourage the settlement of California, was accustomed to give without charge tracts varying in area from four thousand to twenty thousand acres, and sometimes even more than this, to any one who would build a



house upon the tract and stock it with one hundred head of cattle. This constituted the old *rancho* (*ran-tsho*) of early California. Since the conquest of the country by the United States the word *rancho* has been superseded by the more practical *ranch*, and this is now applied not to broad areas measured by leagues, but to farms of a few acres, and not unfrequently to single houses—liquor-shops and gambling-houses planted along the highways. So that the word is not only divested of its former sweetness, but also of its ancient dignity.

These large tracts donated by the Government to settlers, were used for pasturage almost exclusively. The hundred head of cattle soon increased to thousands, so that not unfrequently the *ranchero* would become the owner of from three to ten thousand head of cattle. Their hides and tallow became articles of commerce, their flesh enriched the soil. These animals, for the most part, ran wild, and are very different from the neat cattle of the Atlantic States. They are essentially *wild animals*; their legs are long and slim, their noses sharp and thin, and their horns slender and pointed. It is dangerous for a footman to encounter them. They are made to *run* and not to *fatten*. Their meat is tough and stringy, and lacks nutritious properties.

These land proprietors had their brands by which each one identified his cattle. These animals would sometimes stray away forty or fifty miles. But each Spring and each Autumn a *rodeo* was held in which the cattle were gathered, and the various proprietors for leagues around would gather together and brand the calves, determining the ownership of the calf by the brand of the mother. When a day and a place for a general *rodeo* have been determined upon, the *ranchero*, or proprietor, would send out his mounted *vaqueros*, or herdsmen, to drive the cattle into the appointed place. Mr. Hittle thus describes the *rodeo*: "I have seen eight thousand head of cattle in a *rodeo*, forming a solid body about a quarter of a mile in diameter in every direction. The visiting *rancheros* who have come from the greatest distance are permitted to enter the mass first, select their cattle, and drive them out. Each man has a position chosen at a distance of half a mile or a mile, whither he drives his cattle, and there are several men there mounted to prevent them from returning to the main herd. When a *ranchero* sees one of his cows in the herd he calls to a friend, and the two chase her out. She does not wish to go, and tries to hide herself among the other cattle.

The horses, accustomed to the *rodeo*, soon recognize the cow that is to be parted out, and enjoy the work. They turn with every turn of hers, and she is soon tired and compelled to go out. If the cow be accompanied by a large unmarked calf, the latter is often caught with the lasso, thrown down, and then marked with the knife. While these *rancheros* are riding about among the herd and seeking their own, the cattle are driven by a few *vaqueros* belonging to the ranch so as to move about in a circular manner. As the cattle are thus moving round in one direction, the *rancheros* of the immediate neighborhood, whose time has not yet come for entering the center of the *rodeo*, ride round in a direction contrary to the course of the herd, and thus are enabled to see them to more advantage than if they were standing still. After the *rancheros* from a distance have parted out all their cattle, those of the vicinity ride in, and the whole day is thus spent in racing and chasing after cattle." This will afford us a glimpse of life in California before the conquest.

#### THE OLD TRAPPER.

There is still another class of pioneers in California that deserves a passing notice. Strange as it may seem there have always been, away beyond the frontiers of civilization, men who seemed fragments broken off from the great mass of humanity—spending their years in the solitudes of the forests and mountains. Not a few of these disintegrated elements of humanity had crossed the barren plains and the Rocky Mountains; had traversed in solitude the great inland basin of the continent, ascended the rugged fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada, and were now found scattered along the Pacific slopes. This was the "old trapper"—the *avant courier* of civilization.

Mr. Randolph, in his anniversary address, thus portrays him: "Old men among you will recall the rugged trapper; his frame was strong; his soul courageous; his knowledge was of the Indian's trail and haunts of game; his wealth and his defense, a rifle and a horse; his bed the earth; his home the mountains. He was slain by the treacherous savage. His scalp adorned the wigwam of a chief. The wolf and the vulture in the desert feasted on his body. A companion, wounded, unarmed, and famishing, wanders out through some rocky cañon and lives to recount this tale; lives more fortunate in his declining years, to measure perhaps his lands by the league, and to number his cattle by the thousand."

Such were some of the sources from which

California drew its early white population. But mixed and varying as it was there seemed to be a stagnation of its growth. For so late as 1848 the entire white population of the country did not exceed fifteen thousand—more than two-thirds of whom were Spanish-Mexicans. The balance were waifs of humanity that had floated hither by sea and by land from every habitable part of the globe.

#### THE YANKEE NAVIGATOR.

We have now advanced to a period when the adventurous Yankee navigator made his appearance upon this coast. The advent startled the dozing "missions" from their slumbers, and filled the whole country with alarm. It was deemed an event of such magnitude and of such fearful portent as to call forth a circular from Pedro Fages, the Governor of California, to his subordinate, the presidio of San Francisco. It is a curious relic, and the reader will be glad to see it. He says:

"Whenever there may arrive at the port of San Francisco a ship named the Columbia, said to belong to General Washington, of the American States, commanded by John Rendrick, which sailed from Boston in September, 1787, bound on a voyage of discovery to the Russian establishments on the northern coast of this peninsula, you will cause the said vessel to be examined with caution and delicacy, using for this purpose a small boat, which you have in your possession, and taking the same measures with every other suspicious foreign vessel, giving me prompt notice of the same.

"May God preserve your life many years!

"PEDRO FAGES.

"*Santa Barbara, May 13, 1789.*

"To Josef Arguello."

The good ship Columbia, Captain Grey, kept on her course farther to the north without stopping on the coast of California. Upon the old Spanish maps a large river had been indicated on the north-west coast. The enlargement of the fur-trade had awakened an interest in its discovery and exploration. A year prior to the advent of Captain Grey an English ship had visited the coast in search of this river. He discovered the indentation on the coast occasioned by its broad mouth. But when he came to anchor under its northern headland, and found the breakers extending clear across from cape to cape, he concluded there could be no river there. And giving the name of "Cape Disappointment" to the headland under which he had taken shelter, he sailed away.

The Yankee captain was not so easily foiled. He made his way across the bar and revealed one of the grandest rivers on the continent to the commercial world. As his noble ship, the

Columbia, was the first to navigate these waters, he gave to them her name—hence the "Columbia River." To the two capes at the mouth he gave the names of Adams and Hancock. The southern cape still wears the name of "Adams," but the new name of "Hancock" failed to stick to the northern point, and it still wears the name of "Cape Disappointment."

American vessels visited the coast, trading in furs, in hides, and also engaging in whaling; yet as late as 1803 such vessels were denied the privilege of making a harbor in San Francisco. Times have changed since then.

#### CALIFORNIA ACQUIRED.

In anticipation of a war with Mexico, which was then imminent, the Government of the United States had issued orders to Commodore Sloat, commanding the Savannah, to seize California as soon as the war should offer the occasion and the pretext to do so. It was feared that England would anticipate us and take possession of the country as an equivalent for the debt owed by the Mexican Government to British subjects. The English fleet on the Pacific coast was watching ours. No sooner was the news of the war between the United States and Mexico received than the race for California was commenced. It was a race between the Savannah and the Collingwood! An empire was suspended in the balance! The Savannah outsped her competitor, the flag of the Union waved over Monterey on the 7th day of July, 1846, and California was ours. This had hardly been accomplished when the Collingwood entered the bay, but only to witness that an empire had slipped away from the grasp of her mistress.

Once separated from Mexico and allied to the United States, a new era began to dawn upon California. "People," says Mr. Randolph, "began to come in from the United States and Europe. But California was remote, and yet but little understood. Mr. Webster himself spoke of her as almost worthless, except for the Bay of San Francisco, and as though the soil was as abarren and thorny as the rocks of Lower California. Emigrants came, but not many. And every thing was peaceful and dull, till suddenly, when no man expected, there came a change of transcendent magnitude."

#### SYMPATHY.

To rejoice in another's prosperity, is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief, is to alleviate or dispel your own.

## MARRYING AN IDEAL.

BY MISS ISABELLA G. OAKLEY.

"I NEVER shall marry unless I marry my ideal!" said Gussie Lloyd with emphasis, and the dashing, self-reliant air that was always hers. Though possessed of a large share of sterling good sense, Gussie was just now subject to the reign of fancy and romance—a reign that always asserts itself for a season over the mind of every young man and maiden.

"How long will you wait for your ideal?" asked her more sedate companion.

"I shall wait till destiny sends him to me; I'm in no hurry to marry. I can live alone more easily than I can mate with some imperfect, poorly-furnished mind, as so many worthy women have done."

"What if you never find him?"

"Very well, then I shall never marry."

"Is he to be handsome?" continued the questioner smiling slyly.

"Not certainly. I have formed no idea of his person. It is a man's character I expect to love, not his face."

"O, very good! Give me your hero's strong points; do now, Gussie."

"Not if you're laughing at me," she replied, lifting her large brown eye full on her friend—a very beautiful, searching eye it was.

"No, surely I am not. But let's compare notes."

"Well, then, in the first place he must be a man of first-rate mind, and cultivated; but I look more at original power than at culture. Then he must be very strong and firm"—

"Enough to be your master."

"Yes; I shall want to be controlled by my husband. I shall want to yield my powers completely to the direction of a firm, self-relying, sympathizing spirit. But he must be wise and prudent. I could not respect a shortsighted, blundering man. He must be perfectly upright, without a shadow of meanness."

"A splendid foundation. I only notice one stone left out, but that is a corner-stone."

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind, finish first."

"Well, then, he must be patient and courteous, gentle and polished, and he must be rather quiet; I never could endure a talkative, intrusive man. I do n't think of any thing else, only he must be devoted to me. Does not my model meet your approval?"

"Perfectly, so far as it goes. You heap up perfections. But your model man lacks the great essential after all."

"Indeed, I should like to know what!"

"You said nothing about Christian principle. How do you expect to find all these qualities harmonized without true piety?"

"O, I was thinking of the natural traits, you know. Of course I expect he will be religious. I could n't marry an immoral man or an unbeliever; though I think mere religion can't make a fine character."

"But you will have to look for something higher than a 'merely-religious' man. All that combination of rare virtues, should you ever find it, must be harmonized by controlling, high-toned piety, or some trait will mar all the rest. Either strength will become overbearing, or intellect will be made hateful by pride, or truth will become critical and ungentle."

"I do n't understand how the character I picture can be so easily spoiled, I'm sure. I think all its elements are enduring."

"So they are, regulated and inspired by Christian faith, and without it any one of them may be perverted to the ruin of the whole."

"I must confess I do n't quite agree with you, though of course I acknowledge the importance of the religious element in every first-rate character."

"You will see it yet, unless I'm greatly deceived in you. If we both live we shall see."

Soon after this the friends parted—the younger to enjoy the Summer of life a while longer, and to paint the future with glorious colors while waiting for her hero; to be good, too, to avoid all causes of offense, for she professed the Christian's faith; the older and more experienced to take a remote and toilsome place on the active field of *doing* good, and to await the call of her Guide to other duties and joys, if joys there were for her.

Eight years passed before they met again. "So you are no longer Gussie Lloyd. Have you found your *ideal* at last?" was the first salutation.

"Ah, Lucy, have n't you forgotten that?" laughed Gussie with a slight accession of color as she recalled her early dreams and confidences. "I do n't know whether I have found my old ideal or not. I only know I have been found by a very noble, very good man, of whose love I am not worthy, and I am satisfied."

"So you have come to my ground at last!"

"Yes, my friend, I have been brought to your ground by a kind Providence. I have often recalled what you used to say, that the Christian man is the only truly-great man. But I never understood or believed it till God's providence in my experience converted me to a

California drew its early white population. But mixed and varying as it was there seemed to be a stagnation of its growth. For so late as 1848 the entire white population of the country did not exceed fifteen thousand—more than two-thirds of whom were Spanish-Mexicans. The balance were waifs of humanity that had floated hither by sea and by land from every habitable part of the globe.

#### THE YANKEE NAVIGATOR.

We have now advanced to a period when the adventurous Yankee navigator made his appearance upon this coast. The advent startled the dozing "missions" from their slumbers, and filled the whole country with alarm. It was deemed an event of such magnitude and of such fearful portent as to call forth a circular from Pedro Fages, the Governor of California, to his subordinate, the presidio of San Francisco. It is a curious relic, and the reader will be glad to see it. He says:

"Whenever there may arrive at the port of San Francisco a ship named the Columbia, said to belong to General Washington, of the American States, commanded by John Rendrick, which sailed from Boston in September, 1787, bound on a voyage of discovery to the Russian establishments on the northern coast of this peninsula, you will cause the said vessel to be examined with caution and delicacy, using for this purpose a small boat, which you have in your possession, and taking the same measures with every other suspicious foreign vessel, giving me prompt notice of the same.

"May God preserve your life many years!

"PEDRO FAGES.

"*Santa Barbara, May 13, 1789.*

"To Josef Arguello."

The good ship Columbia, Captain Grey, kept on her course farther to the north without stopping on the coast of California. Upon the old Spanish maps a large river had been indicated on the north-west coast. The enlargement of the fur-trade had awakened an interest in its discovery and exploration. A year prior to the advent of Captain Grey an English ship had visited the coast in search of this river. He discovered the indentation on the coast occasioned by its broad mouth. But when he came to anchor under its northern headland, and found the breakers extending clear across from cape to cape, he concluded there could be no river there. And giving the name of "Cape Disappointment" to the headland under which he had taken shelter, he sailed away.

The Yankee captain was not so easily foiled. He made his way across the bar and revealed one of the grandest rivers on the continent to the commercial world. As his noble ship, the

Columbia, was the first to navigate these waters, he gave to them her name—hence the "Columbia River." To the two capes at the mouth he gave the names of Adams and Hancock. The southern cape still wears the name of "Adams," but the new name of "Hancock" failed to stick to the northern point, and it still wears the name of "Cape Disappointment."

American vessels visited the coast, trading in furs, in hides, and also engaging in whaling; yet as late as 1803 such vessels were denied the privilege of making a harbor in San Francisco. Times have changed since then.

#### CALIFORNIA ACQUIRED.

In anticipation of a war with Mexico, which was then imminent, the Government of the United States had issued orders to Commodore Sloat, commanding the Savannah, to seize California as soon as the war should offer the occasion and the pretext to do so. It was feared that England would anticipate us and take possession of the country as an equivalent for the debt owed by the Mexican Government to British subjects. The English fleet on the Pacific coast was watching ours. No sooner was the news of the war between the United States and Mexico received than the race for California was commenced. It was a race between the Savannah and the Collingwood! An empire was suspended in the balance! The Savannah outsped her competitor, the flag of the Union waved over Monterey on the 7th day of July, 1846, and California was ours. This had hardly been accomplished when the Collingwood entered the bay, but only to witness that an empire had slipped away from the grasp of her mistress.

Once separated from Mexico and allied to the United States, a new era began to dawn upon California. "People," says Mr. Randolph, "began to come in from the United States and Europe. But California was remote, and yet but little understood. Mr. Webster himself spoke of her as almost worthless, except for the Bay of San Francisco, and as though the soil was as barren and thorny as the rocks of Lower California. Emigrants came, but not many. And every thing was peaceful and dull, till suddenly, when no man expected, there came a change of transcendent magnitude."

#### SYMPATHY.

To rejoice in another's prosperity, is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief, is to alleviate or dispel your own.



## MARRYING AN IDEAL.

BY MISS ISABELLA G. OAKLEY.

"I NEVER shall marry unless I marry my ideal!" said Gussie Lloyd with emphasis, and the dashing, self-reliant air that was always hers. Though possessed of a large share of sterling good sense, Gussie was just now subject to the reign of fancy and romance—a reign that always asserts itself for a season over the mind of every young man and maiden.

"How long will you wait for your ideal?" asked her more sedate companion.

"I shall wait till destiny sends him to me; I'm in no hurry to marry. I can live alone more easily than I can mate with some imperfect, poorly-furnished mind, as so many worthy women have done."

"What if you never find him?"

"Very well, then I shall never marry."

"Is he to be handsome?" continued the questioner smiling slyly.

"Not certainly. I have formed no idea of his person. It is a man's character I expect to love, not his face."

"O, very good! Give me your hero's strong points; do now, Gussie."

"Not if you're laughing at me," she replied, lifting her large brown eye full on her friend—a very beautiful, searching eye it was.

"No, surely I am not. But let's compare notes."

"Well, then, in the first place he must be a man of first-rate mind, and cultivated; but I look more at original power than at culture. Then he must be very strong and firm"—

"Enough to be your master."

"Yes; I shall want to be controlled by my husband. I shall want to yield my powers completely to the direction of a firm, self-relying, sympathizing spirit. But he must be wise and prudent. I could not respect a short-sighted, blundering man. He must be perfectly upright, without a shadow of meanness."

"A splendid foundation. I only notice one stone left out, but that is a corner-stone."

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind, finish first."

"Well, then, he must be patient and courteous, gentle and polished, and he must be rather quiet; I never could endure a talkative, intrusive man. I do not think of anything else, only he must be devoted to me. Does not my model meet your approval?"

"Perfectly, so far as it goes. You heap up perfections. But your model man lacks the great essential after all."

"Indeed, I should like to know what!"

"You said nothing about Christian principle. How do you expect to find all these qualities harmonized without true piety?"

"O, I was thinking of the natural traits, you know. Of course I expect he will be religious. I could not marry an immoral man or an unbeliever; though I think mere religion can't make a fine character."

"But you will have to look for something higher than a 'merely-religious' man. All that combination of rare virtues, should you ever find it, must be harmonized by controlling, high-toned piety, or some trait will mar all the rest. Either strength will become overbearing, or intellect will be made hateful by pride, or truth will become critical and ungentle."

"I do not understand how the character I picture can be so easily spoiled, I'm sure. I think all its elements are enduring."

"So they are, regulated and inspired by Christian faith, and without it any one of them may be perverted to the ruin of the whole."

"I must confess I do not quite agree with you, though of course I acknowledge the importance of the religious element in every first-rate character."

"You will see it yet, unless I'm greatly deceived in you. If we both live we shall see."

Soon after this the friends parted—the younger to enjoy the Summer of life a while longer, and to paint the future with glorious colors while waiting for her hero; to be good, too, to avoid all causes of offense, for she professed the Christian's faith; the older and more experienced to take a remote and toilsome place on the active field of doing good, and to await the call of her Guide to other duties and joys, if joys there were for her.

Eight years passed before they met again. "So you are no longer Gussie Lloyd. Have you found your ideal at last?" was the first salutation.

"Ah, Lucy, have not you forgotten that?" laughed Gussie with a slight accession of color as she recalled her early dreams and confidences. "I do not know whether I have found my ideal or not. I only know I have been found by a very noble, very good man, of whose love I am not worthy, and I am satisfied."

"So you have come to my ground at last!"

"Yes, my friend, I have been brought to your ground by a kind Providence. I have often recalled what you used to say, that the Christian man is the only truly-great man. But I never understood or believed it till God's providence in my experience converted me to a

lively faith. I worshiped intellect; I tried to satisfy myself with intellectual pursuits; I called myself a Christian and said prayers enough, but I never had any real faith till my misfortunes drove me to Christ as my sole dependence. Then, when the tide turned, at first I was full of despair and unbelief. The world was hard and cold, and as I had to encounter it, I became hard and cold. But the Shepherd sought me wandering. It is a long story which I will tell you some time of my new conversion. By degrees, as I learned more of Christ, I looked on life with different eyes, and turned to it with new endeavors. My girlish idolatries and fancies were all dissipated, and no new ones have since arisen. But about a year ago I met L., whose simple Christian life of self-sacrifice and effort made a deep impression on me. As I came to know the facts of his previous history I admired him more and more as a true, Christian hero. I saw in him an example of a man devoted to one grand idea, the grandest that ever yet enlisted any man's devotion—consecration to Christ; and his life was full of peaceable fruits. I was thrown much with him, and in time I saw his faults, too; but these were so overmatched and corrected by earnest, active goodness, that they did not positively mar his character. I used to regard the Christian character, in itself, as one of inefficiency; I thought its graces were negative, inactive. But I know better now; I believe real faith is the most stimulating of all motives. I do not believe any man pursues every-day, worldly avocations, or enjoys ordinary pure pleasures with a greater zest than L.; and I begin to feel some of the same relish of life myself, while I desire a better.

"I used to say, if questioned about him, 'I esteem him highly; he is a good man;' and this was all I allowed myself even to think about him, till he offered himself. But I knew very well that my 'esteem' was a very absorbing kind of a feeling, only I would not think much about it. My only trouble now is, that I am not worthy; I am so faulty."

"Never doubt, Gussie, love covers a multitude of transgressions, and they will be blessed who, guiltless of the blind idolatry of passion, love God supremely, and one another truly."

WHAT a chimera is man! what a confused chaos! what a subject of contradiction! a professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth! the great depository and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty! the glory and the scandal of the universe!

#### AFTER THE RAIN.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

OVER the brook on the hill-side,  
The sun shines golden and bright;  
'I sit in the misty valley,  
Watching its quivering light:  
And looking beyond the shadows  
Which darken the grassy lea,  
I smile at the golden picture  
As if it were painted for me.  
The oriole's song in the thicket  
Floats over across the way,  
Sweetly as if no storm cloud  
Had ever darkened the day:  
And the daffodils and daisies,  
With the purple violet,  
And the dainty little wind-flower,  
In Nature's garden set,  
Will lift their gentle faces,  
And smile in to-morrow's light,  
Refreshed by the sparkling moisture  
Which dampens their robes to-night.  
For surely the kind All-Father  
Who tempers the blight and bloom,  
His purposes once accomplished,  
Will scatter again the gloom:  
And up on the teeming mountains,  
And over the verdant plain,  
A thousand lives up-springing,  
Will bless him for the rain.

#### THE LAST LOOK.

BY MRS. ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

SHE was a child of earth,  
A blossom pure and fair,  
That bloomed upon our hearth,  
And left its fragrance there;  
And we are thinking still,  
Though Death's rude hand hath riven,  
Far from a world of ill,  
She blooms a child of heaven.

Our selfish hearts would keep  
This angel of our home,  
We knew that she must weep  
In days that were to come.  
Now let the tempest wild  
On our sad hearts be driven,  
We know our darling child  
Will safely rest in heaven.

Now at the open door,  
With fond, uplifted hands,  
And smiling evermore,  
Our white-robed angel stands.  
O blossom of our hearth!  
O angel, wert thou given  
To loose our hearts from earth,  
And draw them up to heaven

## THE MISSION OF THE FEW.

BY GEORGE W. FIELD.

HE who would write well the history of any people must first obtain an accurate knowledge of their ethnology if he would avoid inextricable confusion and contradiction. The ruler and statesman must go to the natural as well as to the political history of men if he would be able successfully to adapt his course to all nations and ages. So intimately interwoven are physical conditions with every tissue of civil and political life that the major part of history and biography is given when the physiological developments are known.

The races of men appear in the light of great workers in the different departments of the world's history, each in his place and time filling a sphere and accomplishing a work peculiar to his capacity and power. To the superior there will fall the highest lot and be accorded the greatest rank, and each in his order will be found in the grand march of events.

From the mystic halls of learning in the far east, where India impressed philosophy on the human mind, through Greece, where refinement and beauty had its birth for all ages, through Rome, where was enacted the world's history, may be traced the course of true civilization and progression in the minds of a chosen and superior race. The distinction of races and nations in the onward progress of civilization is manifest at the present time. The differences existing between the servile Chinese and the commercial English, the degraded Australian and the inventive American, are so manifest that it would be useless even to ask to which belongs the proud superiority of ruling the world's destiny. While the one remains scarcely acquainted with his own country, his improvements reaching no further than the mere necessities of life, or of the convenience, the other extends his knowledge and discoveries wherever the ocean gives a way for his ships to impose his civilization. The one is simply resistive, the other aggressive. These opposite tendencies are not to be attributed to differences of circumstances, but to the natural inborn force and refinement of the superior, and to the plodding, fixed nature of the inferior.

While the superior natural force of the few makes them the leaders and rulers of the world, it is not denied that those falling below them have a peculiar mission. It is the business of the superior to be a pioneer and inventor, and

to elaborate that which the more toiling and plodding furnish as crude material. The one is to fashion and burnish, to render beautiful and intellectual what the other furnishes unformed and natural, purely physical. The superior is to be the missionary to the inferior, and by presenting to him all the products of his ages of elaboration, lift him from the level of his own finding to a height his utmost unaided efforts could not advance him. Thus the division of labor, even in the great onward progress of the world's history, is seen, and a higher advancement achieved and a nobler end attained than would be possible by other means.

The world accords to its separate divisions subordination or supremacy, according as they stand in a lower or in a higher degree in the great scale of reckoning. This huge, dumb world of nations and people is not acute in its perceptions, does not stop to philosophize, as that specter of utility and necessity drives it forward through the few scenes in its pantomime. It must be forced to feel, to think, to act. Ever content with present achievements, yet dissatisfied with its rewards, it stops not to consider that which does not concern its immediate interests. When a nation rises to power, when it no longer asks for notice but demands it—and nations, like individuals, applaud the independence which claims its rights—it is recognized as having a mission and business in the world of action. It becomes first in the minds of the people as its predominating element may be discovery, conquest, or civilization. If it leads out in any direction the others follow through imitation or through necessity.

From the first, progression has remained in the hands of the chosen few, and it still depends on their labors. The many may adopt, and use, and improve, but it is the few who explore and invent. Invention is partly the work of necessity, and it is only the progressive whose civilization requires a bringing out of the unknown. If necessity does not call for it the age will not receive it, and the impulse is never aroused that would lead to investigation. An onward movement in the minds of the mass is necessary for even the successful development of genius. This spirit of inquiry being given there will arise men who will lead on and inspire the age if they are buoyed up by the mass. The prime reason why war is recognized as a civilizer is, that it arouses the invention of a people and stimulates them to higher attainments. In the early ages there was little to produce intercourse except conquest, and this alone seems

to have saved them from utter barbarism and stagnation. There would be but little of the finer elements of civilization to bring a people out into the light of succeeding ages who were weighed down by the influences of barbarous warfare; and, with the exception of a very few nations, their history has passed into oblivion. This was not because their inventions and achievements were not great in themselves, but because their age lacked the means to perpetuate them. The tendency in all time is to preserve the things that conduce to a higher civilization and refinement, and to neglect the others as mere curiosities of the past. While all the enlightened world bows with reverence to the names of poets, philosophers, statesmen, and patriots of all past time, and treasures up their words and actions as precious mementoes, no one thinks of imitating the course of bloody conquerors, or of pausing in rapt admiration over their decrees for rapine and desolation.

As the first efforts of people were physical, so their first conquests were material. Progression became steady in its course as the natural sciences afforded a firm basis; philosophy practical, as man learned himself through the natural world. While all lay buried in social and political darkness the gloom was broken by the few facts in science. The progress of scientific knowledge has done more for the liberation of thought than all the revolutions, congresses, and so-called reformations. While the greater part of the world slumbers in a death that no legislation can infuse life into, the onward march of scientific discovery and inquiry into the borders of exclusiveness and barbarism proclaims its mission of freedom. The world looks with admiration on the few daring innovators, and well it may, as even the proud supremacy that its enlightened parts now enjoy are mostly the fruit of their labors. On incidents, small in themselves, hangs the fate of ages, and but for the mighty few the gloom of barbarism might have encircled the earth.

The few are the recognized leaders, reformers, and inventors. The many feel within themselves the power and the impulse, but lack the concentration and the expression. This is the feeling of any people, especially when difficulties press heavily upon them, and they look anxiously about for some one of their number to lead them out and give unity and power to their efforts. That this desire for leadership is a natural and intelligent thing is seen in the choice made for various directions of effort. In a sudden military emergency the

selection would be far different from what it would be in a political struggle. It is folly to place politicians in responsible military positions, or suddenly to elevate military men to the political weal of nations. The natural qualifications of the one are entirely different from those of the other. People have seen their conquests and dearest-bought victories snatched from them by a stroke of a diplomatic pen, by the grammar of a clause in a sworn treaty.

It is often said by those of the present time that they are not dependent, but are those from whom the few must get the designs for future action. If they will look around them they will see only the workings of the few in their present progression. The inventions of daily use originated with the few, the political deductions of the present are founded on their axioms, and the religion of the mass is confidence in their interpretation. Some seem to think this a slavery of action and opinion to the dictates of a few. On the contrary, it is simply recognizing the truthfulness of those who stand as prophets and leaders, and does honor to the one who may be able fully to comprehend the exponents of the times. So necessary is it that a bias should be given to a nation by its first leaders that on this its success and almost its existence depends. The purity and nobleness of American institutions are in a great degree owing to the peculiar history of their founders. America looks not back on an ancestry of buccaneers and pirates, but to a noble line of heroes seeking in a wilderness a refuge from political and religious oppression. Purified and rendered noble and disinterested by constant struggles, they were in every sense most highly qualified to give precepts and axioms on which a people might found a government. The very ground on which the exiles of the old world, the founders of the new, first set foot, seems to exhale the spirit of freedom. To the pure teachings and illustrious examples of her primitive inhabitants must be accorded to-day the high rank New England holds in the political and religious world. She has the firmness of fixed institutions and the strength and flexibility of intelligence. This is the work of the powerful example of the few cherished and followed by the many.

The people of this land in the present time have waited in hope and patience for a leader on whom, when recognized, they might trust and lavish their abundant honors, but not one militarily or politically has reached that position. The great anomaly seems about to be



realized of a people accomplishing a military conquest and passing through a political change amounting to almost a reversion of sentiment, by the power of public opinion and desire, without the dictation of leaders, the demands of factions, or the compulsion of necessity. Europe shall no longer declare the incapability of perpetuation in republican governments, the impossibility of change without the destruction of society, or the failure of American institutions to answer the ends of popular welfare. The mission of this "one from many" is seen by all the world.

That nature has bestowed on a few men endowments far beyond the common lot is so evident that none but those ignorant of the most common observations would pretend to deny it. Every person of any consideration has added repeated testimony to this fact, and have placed the sublime elevation of the few far beyond the reach of the many. That this was the belief of all ages is evinced by the incidents related of remarkable presagings in the youth of heroes, sages, and prophets, and the great deference that was paid to those who manifested uncommon powers. Tongues of lightning flashed from the mouth of the youthful orator, a halo of glory rested on the brow of the child-hero, and bees sought the lips of the cradled poet. Such are the images by which are conveyed the favor of the gods to mortals, and the deference of men to those gifted with sublime powers. Such is the heart-worship paid by those of ancient times to their heroes, to their chosen few, whose mission they considered divine. The tendencies in an age of show and falsity is to estimate character and to measure men by a few given rules and known formulas, and when such will not apply the subject is declared to be either a nullity or a monstrosity. It is strange that soul-element so seldom enters into the composition of the world's ideal man. Yet not so strange when it is considered that the things palpable are first seen, and the deep and enduring are only discovered by investigation. It may be said to be true in life that people find what they search for, and if the tendencies of the age are to formalism and asceticism such will become its characteristics, but if they look for the noble and sublime such will rise up to greet the inquirer. In this respect it must be conceded that most ancient nations enjoyed a superiority over later and more formalistic times. Then the whole elements of soul and feeling were intensified in the sentiment for the sublime and godlike in human action. Poor and pitiful is the spirit of him

who does not feel his heart beat in sympathy with the great and good of all time, who can find only some weakness to criticise, some foible to lament, something so very human as to degrade all to his own level.

The most interesting yet difficult question is to decide what the elements are that constitute the greatness, leadership, or mission of nations and individuals. It is not the magician's transforming power as it is seen struggling, borne down, for a time overwhelmed, but at last rising in triumph to assert a place befitting high deserts. It is a thoroughly-human element, characterized by all its weaknesses, yet rising to its loftiest expression—a feeling found in every bosom responsive in sympathy with its workings, yet gathering its conceptions from a source almost divine. The whole may be expressed as the embodying of truth in human action. Truth, ever the same, may be recognized wherever found, and the emotions that thrilled its discoverer will still move the bosoms of its lovers in all time. Though not hidden, it is seen only by those who put themselves in communion with it, and they are regarded as having its power and the spirit of prophecy to reveal to their age the things dimly seen to be. Men in general can judge of the truth and fitness of particulars in certain parts when presented within their knowledge; but it is the few who are capable of detecting the true among the false in their multifarious combinations, who can see the workings of principles in times to come. Thus it is seen that any great discovery is slow to be recognized by the mass, and even intolerance often attempts to crush the first risings of innovation. At length, when that which was clear and palpable to the great discoverer has been analyzed piece by piece by succeeding men, it is admitted as true. Through the slow course of ages this process of discovery and analysis has gone on, and as experience furnishes a broader basis for truth, its power increases in a corresponding ratio. Truth is eternal, error is of the times, and the ultimate triumph of the former is the downfall of the latter.

Rejecting that enthusiastic belief that the failures of nations and people are given as examples to be shunned, and that their successes and fortunes are examples to be imitated as leading to the idea that truth is only to be learned by such deductions, there is substituted in its place that more reasonable and palpable declaration that truth in life and action is open to all at all times, and the prospective evils that will occur from its violation are as

plainly to be seen as those that have passed. Deep in the nature of man is felt the workings of the inner self, which is seen embodied in the actions of past time: and the lessons taught by the results of truth and untruth are felt to be the legitimate fruit of the inner man. As he peers with curious, longing gaze down the uncertain vistas of the future, he prophesies not by things that have passed, but, looking at the workings of human action under certain conditions, he weighs the ultimate triumph of truth or of error, and feels within himself the decision of the conflict. Men blinded by ignorance, cramped by custom, inflamed by fanaticism, and guided by self-interest are not of themselves prepared to work out truly the great ends of human weal. They must have loftier incentives than passion, and a better object than prospective personal good. While there is the element of truthfulness in people, there is a strange opposition to it, either in the way of radical error or of error in the semblance of truth. There is in human nature a love for right, but ignorance and perversion render the resistance more determined than the thorough comprehension of opposites. But this love has at last given the rewards to merit and honor to the deserving of past time, whom the bigotry and hatred from false views made martyrs.

Those on whom Nature has bestowed her choicest blessings may well be considered as nearest her sublime truths. Throughout their lives is seen the golden thread of truth to nature, and the many faults that may deform their lives are so many stains from contact with the times in which they lived. The great man, of whatever kind, time, or nation, has at bottom the element of truth. Even those who have appeared as curses to mankind, as opposed to all that was good, had no element of truthfulness that gave them power and mastery. That men may excel their age in goodness is evident, but that they can more than body forth the wickedness of the times is scarcely possible. Those who were called tyrants to the people, enemies to mankind, and dark stains on the page of history are reflexes of the times and people. Their mission, for surely they had a mission, was like that of the tornado, the pestilence, silent, except in destruction and death. The philosophy of error has not been given. Over its own history the world may look and see a strange commingling of two opposing elements, now one, now the other predominating, but neither obtaining a mastery. On the one or the other side it has ranked combatants, and applauded or mourned

as this or that has prevailed. Strange that the mission of error should be thus acknowledged and the few made its bearers. It is not so, they are the children of the people's nursing, and tear the bosoms which poisoned the current of their young blood. Such is the course of error; but the mission of truth is not only to its own, but to all coming time. Its bearers are the offspring of the present, but their lives are in the future.

In the history of the world there are a few nations and men that stand out in prominent light as great landmarks that distinguish the times in which they lived, and give prominence and character to the age. Time is not measured by the succession of moments, but by thoughts in the mind; space not by the relative distance of places, but by the number of objects. So in the great history of the world the life of the nation and the individual is reckoned by the number of ideas developed, the number of pulsations in the great heart of humanity that has sent its life and vigor coursing along the veins of future generations. But the few of nations have in any great degree affected the following ages. They may have been great in themselves, in resources, in military power, but as soon as these were impaired there remained but little to form an impression on others. History might be divided into eras in which were predominant the blind forces of mere strength and those in which the perpetuating, intelligent element ruled. To the antiquarian, to the lover of mere facts, the disentanglement of most ancient nations belongs; but there are a few whose histories are the property of the world. While the many afford the mere melancholy history of rise, grandeur, and fall, the few from out the depths of antiquity speak to all coming time. Their struggles and achievements all recognize as their own, and feel that intimate cord of sympathy touched which vibrates to humanity in all ages. To such all give the highest praise, and, recollecting their difficult task, deal gently with their errors. From the depths of antiquity come the names of the glorious few. Like pillars of fire in a sea of darkness, they are seen, the light, the signal, the guide for all time. Earth with her envious dust can not cover the fair record of such heroes. Time shall add luster to the page, and future generations write the most glorious epitaph. From the stony mouth of Egypt's monuments, from the brick and mortar of Babylon, of Nineveh, from the crumbling columns of Persepolis, from the fallen temples of Greece, from the leveled walls of Rome, there is spoken the history of the

mission, the far-reaching designs of the few, and the patient labor of the many.

As among nations is recognized the preëminence of the few, so in those nations is seen the bright light of a few gifted minds. Their history is told in the achievements of a few individuals, and on this rests the whole fabric of human greatness. In history is seen but the impress of a few individual ideas borne along on the mighty current of popular will. Here it leads to conquest, there to the arts of peace; here to the benefit of a particular country and time, there to all people and to all ages. The one is recognized as a leader of his people, the other as a benefactor of his race. The one lives while his country lives, the other while humanity remains to tell the story.

SPRING SONG.

BY AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

MURMUR, murmur, she is coming,  
Through the woods and valleys humming,  
Down the hill-side, o'er the meadows,  
Through the hollow's sleepy shadows,  
Singing, dancing, free and fair—  
Spring, sweet Spring is every-where.

I have seen her by the streamlet,  
Dancing in the sun's warm beamlet;  
I have seen her in the valley  
Where sweet Flora's subjects rally;  
I have felt her in the air—  
Felt her presence every-where.

I have seen her 'mong the rushes  
Where the silver water gushes;  
I have seen her footsteps shining  
On the buttercup's rich lining;  
All things fresh and pure declare,  
"Spring, sweet Spring is every-where."

I have seen her 'mong the willows  
Where they bent to kiss the billows;  
I have seen her in the wildwood  
Laughing with the glee of childhood,  
And the children's shouts declare,  
"Spring, sweet Spring is every-where."

I have seen her 'mong the flowers  
Smiling in their fragrant bowers;  
Sweet Spring beauties, white and tender,  
Crowfoot, graceful, tall, and slender,  
Frail anemones declare,  
"Spring, sweet Spring is every-where."

And that gentle murmur coming  
Through the woods and valleys humming,  
Blackbird, linnnet, blue-bird, robin  
On the slender branches bobbing,  
Send a chorus through the air,  
"Spring, sweet Spring is every-where."

Thank kind Heaven for pleasant weather,  
Let us all be glad together;  
Ere another Spring shall find us  
Mother earth may have enshrined us;  
Let us now with her declare,  
"God's sweet Spring is every-where."

IF WE KNEW.

BY DELL A. HIGGINS.

STANDING here within the portals of the rainbow  
crowned to-day,  
Wreathed with flowers that have blossomed in the  
sunlight of life's May,  
Look we backward through the tear-drops that have  
gathered o'er our past,  
Reaching out to touch the fingers whose fond clasping  
is their last.  
Look we forward, where a curtain hides the future  
from our view,  
As God hands us forth to-morrow, murmuring ever,  
"If we knew."

If we knew how angel pinions had been folded o'er  
our bed,  
Shielding from the storm of sorrow else had burst  
upon our head,  
If we knew our tears were changing into jewels for  
our crown,  
Or that kindest smiles were hidden underneath our  
Father's frown,  
Would we say no joys were buried 'mong the dead  
leaves of our past,  
Or that deepest shadows ever care and sorrow round  
it cast?  
Nay, my brother; and the wisdom of the all-seeing  
Eye is shown  
That he giveth to our vision ruins of the past alone.

Often had the beggar hungered, pleading for a crust  
in vain,  
Often had the homeless outcast slept amid the drench-  
ing rain;  
Joys we 'd leave to flow untasted, hopes would die ere  
scarce confessed,  
Griefs lie like a heavy burden upon many a sorrow-  
ing breast,  
Blossoms lose one-half their beauty, skies look dark,  
and hopes be few,  
Earth prove but a dreary desert, life be worthless, if  
we knew.

When at last to the great Teacher home we bring our  
toil-won sheaves,  
More than half the heavy burden may be flowers and  
tear-wet leaves;  
But their glory shall be beauty, and the good we  
strove to do  
Be accepted and rewarded, though the ears of grain  
be few,  
And we 'll be as fully happy when our years of toil  
are through,  
And God's smile is our rewarding, as if now we surely  
knew.

## FLORIDA IN AUTUMN AND WINTER.

BY H. H. MOORE, CHAPLAIN U. S. A.

THE climate of Florida, during the Autumn and Winter seasons, is probably as healthy and delightful as favors any latitude on the surface of the globe. During the months of November and December the mercury oscillates with much regularity between forty and eighty degrees above zero. The extremes are reached at about the hour of 3 o'clock in the morning and 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Occasionally these are passed and generally in a downward direction. During the night ice is formed half an inch in thickness, and the day following the wind is high, cold, and blustering. Overcoats and furs are called into requisition, and every one is thoughtlessly crying out against the intrusive "northerner." But tightened muscles, an elastic step, and an invigorated constitution attest the benefits received from the coming and short stay of the unwelcome visitor. The climate assumes its usual temperature, and the days put on their ordinary robes of sunshine and brightness, but the physical benefits received from the chilly blast remain. Then the purified atmosphere is so soft, so balmy, and so exhilarating that breathing it is, of itself, a luxury. The lassitude, the weakness, and the indolence produced by the nearly vertical rays of the midsummer sun, and the malaria of the atmosphere no longer oppress either body or spirits. In the possession of new-born vigor and strength man goes about his business or his labors with energy and delight. As Florida is surrounded on all sides but the north by the ocean, a breeze coming from its briny waters is a matter of perpetual enjoyment, and the reflection that this condition of things will continue with but slight excess beyond present extremes till the blossoms of February appear, enhances materially present enjoyments. California and even Oregon might lay claim to excellent climates during the Winter season were it not for the perpetual rains that deluge those countries. In Florida the heavens are seldom overspread with clouds more than two or three days in succession. Our skies are generally bright—not as in Summer-time, bright like a furnace, as if they were "a sea of glass mingled with fire," but moderated, subdued, presenting a mild and softened aspect. The sun's rays fall upon fleecy sheets of gray vapor that are generally floating in the air, or they are reflected by the heavy banks of clouds which are piled up along the horizon. When rains come they fall in delightful showers, and are suc-

ceeded by calm and beautiful weather. Having spent all the Winters of my life amid snows and ice, storms and piercing winds, this December in Florida seems strange and very delightful.

The general aspect of surrounding natural scenery is equal in variety and beauty to the loveliness of the climate. Spring has its sweetness and fragrance, Summer its wealth and splendor, but in this country the brow of Autumn and early Winter is wreathed and adorned by the excellencies of all the seasons combined. The foliage has entirely fallen from some trees, as the ash, the chincapin—a dwarf chestnut—the plum, the Pride of India, a tree slightly resembling the locust, and some others; their large branching arms and bushy spray reminding us of the naked forests of our Northern homes. The live oak, the magnolia, the oleander, the orange and lemon-trees, and hundreds besides, show not the least effects of time or season, and will continue to wear their wealth of foliage till it is displaced by the tender buds of Spring. And then they change their raiment so gradually, and yet so suddenly—leaves falling and buds taking their place immediately—that the tree in its nakedness is never exposed. New leaves half-grown are often seen on the same branch with the old ones, which exhibit no signs of resigning their place. The black and yellow oaks, the hickory and many other varieties are in the "sear and yellow leaf," constituting in the forest and grove a feature of their own, beautiful and home like in appearance, and, by contrast, setting off to better advantage the loveliness of the evergreens. The grasses upon the uplands have mostly served their day and withered, leaving behind a burr, worse than any thing pen can describe, as a protection to the root, whose hold upon the loose, sandy soil is of the most fragile character. These once beautiful lawns are now deserted by little barefooted urchins, and the cattle have gone to the lowlands and the river banks. Occasionally a species of the rose and other flowers may be seen in gardens, protected by careful hands from the depredations of the passing soldier, or growing in secluded places, where the destroyer goeth not, "wasting their sweetness on the desert air." I hardly know which is the more charming, those portions of natural scenery which remind us of the associations of childhood and home, or those which appear to bid defiance to the Winter king, and prophesy that the time will come when perpetual youth and beauty will be alike the loveliness of nature and the glory of man. Here the latter mostly hold the ascendancy over the



mind and heart, and give to the Autumn and Winter of Florida their peculiar attractions.

But it is a matter of grief that we hear no more the music of the mocking-bird—his harp of endless song is hung upon the willows, and will awaken to gladden us no more till the fresh blossoms of Spring appear. The silence of this songster in the grove leaves them all unharmonious—it is as if a favorite young cherub had suddenly been hushed to stillness in heaven. It is true that the loss of our sweetest minstrel inclines us to give due attention to the charms of others, which, in his presence, are sure to be neglected. The redbird, a species of parrot, seems to rejoice that his overshadowing rival is out of the way, and that his season for song and love has at last arrived. But he delights in the wildness of the forest, and seldom visits our groves. The sparrow, the robin, a great variety of doves, one species that is very small and quite domestic in its habits, a little bit of a blue-bird, pale in color and ever twittering a little song, soft, sweet, melodious, and mournful, make our outhouses, shade-trees, and shrubbery their home. The blue-jay, an old and rough customer, always scolding, fretting, and in a hurry, visits us many times in a day, and it can not be seen that he has improved his manners in the least by living among the gentility and chivalry of the South. And when I see the buzzard, and think of the care he takes to carry from the suburbs of our camps and towns every species of offal that would engender sickness, and of his usefulness in this respect, saving, it may be, the lives of thousands, and also of his humility and anxiety not to be intrusive, or offend in any way, I freely pardon him for his tastes and appetites, and delight to see his proud wing cleaving the blue air of heaven. But I hardly know what to make of the caw—a bird smaller than the crow and as black, he is so distant, his flight in moving from place to place is so high, and he is so unsociable. We can hardly lure him within the circle of our feathered companions, and yet we should "miss" him were he gone. The marshes and lowlands afford him an ample living. Long let him wave!

At this season of the year an afternoon stroll along the banks of the noble St. John's River affords much amusement, and suggests an endless variety of reflections. The piscatory tribes have recovered from the melting lassitude of a long, hot Summer, and swarm about in vast schools in all directions. Meek and patient anglers, with full equipments of fishing-tackle, may be seen on piers, in their boats at anchor out from the shore, on old logs, and in other

convenient places, enjoying what they call rare as well as profitable sport. The soul of old Isaak Walton would have reveled in such a place, and his muse caught fresh inspiration at a sight of the ample success enjoyed. The mullet, a very strong fish, more than all others, gives life and activity to the scene. Such is his appetite that very frequently he is seen, with a "hook in his jaw," dangling in the air. And, in fact, when in the water he seems to be out of his element, or if he recognizes the wave as his proper home, like any rover he has no scruples about leaving it. Of the manner and time he no doubt has a decided choice. But he is ambitious to get into the open air, and every moment or so out he comes, clearing eight or ten feet the first leap, from five to six the second, and from two to three the third. He then subsides for a while, having "played out." When hundreds of these whimsical fellows are thus capering about together, having, like school-boys, "a hop, skip, and jump," the river seems to be a great play-ground for them. It is said they spring into the air to catch the flies that are skimming over the surface of the water. This I doubt, as, when disturbed at night by the fisherman's boat or torch-light, they are in the same manner constantly leaping out of the water. It is more likely this is done to elude the cannibals among their genus, which are numerous like themselves, and are ever seeking them as their prey. Few streams in the world afford such an abundance and variety of excellent fish as this river. They can be caught, and are suitable for the table at all seasons of the year, but are considered the best in the Autumn and Winter.

Of the web-footed tribes wild ducks do most abound. Little fleets of them, headed by some old majestic drake as a flag-ship, may be seen moving gracefully about as safety or inclination dictates. Snow-white cranes by the legion, pelicans and a great variety of *waders* are always loitering on the banks of this river and on the ocean beach, or are perched upon overhanging trees. The king-fisher and the eagle, the one engaged in legitimate business, the other a robber and a pirate, are often found in the same vicinity. And if the day is warm vast alligators, eighteen or twenty feet in length, half immersed in the water, dirty, dark, rough, and rugged, appearing like an old log, are floating about in bayous or quietly basking in the sun. Occasionally porpoises in large schools, like a little armada, leave the salt waters of the ocean and come snuffing, and blowing, and tumbling, and leaping, and diving, and racing up the fresh waters of the St. John's. While

they are in sight I always watch these motions, and such is my enthusiasm that I am generally out of patience with all around me because they see so little that is exciting in the agile and peculiar movements of these creatures.

On nearly all the old plantations of Eastern Florida lemon and orange groves once flourished. Some of them entire, and remnants of others are yet to be found. At this season they are ready to pour their wealth of delicious fruits into our lap. Standing on an eminence, or sloping lawn, or on the bank of the St. John's, with foliage green as ever, and branches bending beneath their golden burden, these Southern orchards must be seen that their beauty may be appreciated. In this instance distance fails to lend any additional enchantment to the view. It is better to be present, to repose beneath the dense shade of the tree, with congenial friends to loiter there, and apply the precious fruit to your lips. Oranges, if not disturbed, will hang upon the tree and remain in excellent condition till the young blossoms of April appear. In Southern Florida fruit in all stages of maturity, young buds and falling blossoms, are seen together on the same tree at the same time.

Before the war Winter gardens were extensively cultivated in all parts of this State. Most kinds of table vegetables were raised, and a supply could always be kept ready for use.

But of such things it is not my mood now to write. I'm thinking of the romantic delights which an excursion through the pine openings affords at this season of the year. All nature is stirring with animation. For this we are indebted in part to wrong, violence, and war. The capture and imprisonment of Osceola and his braves in Fort Marion, where the proud chieftain died of a broken heart, the removal of Billy Bowlegs, the noblest of the Seminole chiefs, and every soul of his tribe to the far West, and the absence of the Florida hunters during the past three years in the Confederate Army, have permitted wild beasts and game of all descriptions greatly to multiply and boldly visit the settlements. Bear, deer, turkeys, and wild cattle are abundant. Partridges, quails, squirrels, and almost every species of wild fowl and animal found on the South Atlantic coast, rove or wing their way about the forests at pleasure. As the country is nearly level, and as the dwarf palmettoes—such as fans are made of—are too short to obscure the vision, the excursionist, at a single view, takes in an extensive and very picturesque landscape. If the day is cloudy and animals have left their haunts, and one is alone, far in the dense, dark wood-

land, if he shares in any measure the peculiar inspirations which fire the soul of true-born lovers of the chase, or if he is a worshiper of nature, and delights in the baptismal dews of heaven, and if in the past heart-breaking sorrow and deep humility have led him into the secret sympathies of nature, then can he feel the presence of the all-pervading spirit of every spot, and in the incense that goes up day and night from nature's altar, will he ascend to God, and experience enjoyments as pure and profound as earth and time can afford. There the falling of a leaf is a knell from the bell of time. Its faintest rustle finds a pleasing melancholy echo in the soul, and hill and vale, the clouds and trees, and every thing around him, seem to enter into the depths of his sympathies. Thus,

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods—  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore—  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea and music in its roar;  
I love not man the less but nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be or have been before."

And then the ceaseless sighing of the pines! How mournful, and yet how pleasant! These are the tall choristers placed by the Almighty in the temple of nature. As I listen to their whispering melancholy murmur, it seems that they are grieving, but forgivingly and full of sympathy, over the wrongs and desolations of earth. The grave cedar and the mournful cypress find companionship with the plaintive pine. The cypress's pale ashy trunk and drooping limbs have made it, with poets, the emblem of overshadowing melancholy. And then those forests are clad in a sackcloth of mourning. Their ash-colored mossy robes, long, heavy, disheveled, and dangling, hanging from every limb, loading down the trees, and wreathed like the fragments of a torn garment about their trunks, force the suggestion that they have put on the drapery of sorrow. Some receive no such impression and see nothing but the *beauty* of this air-plant. Others, in their rudeness, call it a parasite, and are indignant that it should feed upon the forest. This moss is surely beautiful, and a parasite it is not. It feeds upon the damps and malaria of the atmosphere, and is the great health-preserver of Florida. To see this aspect of nature in all its melancholy beauty and impressiveness we must wander into the deep wild wood in Winter-time, loiter about alone in its most secluded places and till the twilight hour has passed, yield ourselves up to the gently-stealing influence of the genius which every-where holds sway. It is while

communing with the more solemn and melancholy aspects of nature that our sympathies are brought into unison with the universe and with God. I loathe that melancholy which is begotten in "stygian caves," "born of Cerberus and blackest night" among "horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy," and delights to dwell "in dark cimmerian deserts," where "the night-raven sings;" but that divinest melancholy, which springs from the rich fountains, the bereavements, the griefs, and the sorrows of earth have opened in the human heart, I love and cherish as among the balmiest emotions of our being! The vastness and the wealth of our souls will remain unknown even to ourselves till the plowshare of affliction has passed through them. To the loveliest aspects of nature we are blind till our eyes are thus opened. It is only the crushed flower that knows its own fragrance. The joy that is light and jubilant is purely selfish, isolated, and transient; it does not enter into harmony with the pulsations of the surrounding world. The more we have suffered the more unselfish and sympathizing with the sufferings of our race shall we be. It is the high and sublime joy of sympathy that is tinged with a soft and lovely melancholy. We are in a sinful and sorrowing world—scarcely a breeze blows that is not burdened with human sighs. The "whole creation" is involved in one common destiny. It is "through suffering" that we enter "perfectly," that is, fully, into union and sympathy with it. By deep communings with nature all the love, and power, and poetry, and romance of our being are quickened into the most vivid susceptibility. The ear drinks in the raptures of music as it comes in floods of melody from the harp-chorus of creation. We hear the fall of a tear-drop, its echo goes into the depths of our soul, touches our sympathies, and gives us a pleasure sublime. Having access to nature's open volume, we read

"Books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

The mind, when inspired by the genius of the secret haunts of nature, is quick in perception, rapid in combination, far-reaching in thought, bringing into an hour the recollections of a lifetime, and looking with a half-prophetic gaze into the far-off future. "The grove was God's first temple;" the outer court and not the "holy of holies." Only heaven and the wild solitude are full of rapture and of God. From these may we look upon the face of the shekinah, and in the name of our Advocate venture to worship and adore.

## TALKING IT OVER WITH MARY.

BY ANNA M. LANE.

THERE was a long stretch of solitary road before me—a monotonous sweep of dead-colored prairie-level touching the horizon all around—a low-hung covert of November clouds, just lifted at the northern rim to disclose a line of sky coldly tinted by the approaching sunset. There was nothing to gaze at, nothing external to care for, and I gave my horse the rein and settled down to a quiet revel in some theme which had been hovering over me all day, waiting for the first hour of leisure and solitude. You know how such themes create themselves. Some shadow of a new thought starts up uninvoked before you, and you find yourself standing at a point whence you see the truths that, for the time at least, seem dearest and divinest taking position under new lights and in new groupings; and you know that only the patient, hard-working of thought is needed—only the steady, incisive analysis, the patient and wary combining of ideas, the intense in-gazing upon the obscurely revealed—and then you may see the slowly-evolving views of truth ranging themselves in some gloriously-ending vista, up which you may lead to a higher life the souls you are seeking to guide. And from that moment this patient, hard-working of thought becomes perhaps the most alluring of all the pleasures of mere mind. It goes with you in prospect, through all that is either vexing or demoralizing in common life, a sweet, vague promise of something pleasant to come. And when the something pleasant *has* come, and you have nothing to do but sit down and elaborate from the bright crudities before you, maturer and more perfect forms of beauty, you revel in your work all the more because it is a work, and every step must be studied and every finger-truth delicately measured. Perhaps the very best that the outer world can do for you then, is to throw around you, as in these weird prairie wildernesses, a background of vague forms and neutral tints, claiming no attention and asserting for itself no positive attribute save the quiet, haunting grandeur of unlimited space.

I was deep in the heart of it, I had even forgotten that I was going home—home again after three weeks of absence, privation, and hard work—when my horse suddenly roused me by springing to one side. Three men were gathering themselves up from among the tall grass on my right.

"Halloo, stranger," called out one cheery

voice, "better tumble off, had n't ye, 'n take it afoot a little spell along of the rest. Beast looks rather done out?"

Five years of home missionary work had taught me never to refuse these kindly-meant invitations, and with one half-angry glance of regret at what I was losing I dismounted, and taking the bridle in my arm joined the man in his walk.

We were launched upon a discussion on the merits of steam-plows for prairie use. It had already become manifest that I "knewed as much agin about farm business as half the fellers that never 'd seen a college," and I was intently drawing out the views of my new acquaintance on the subject of Fawk's patent versus Fowler's, when something startled my attention so abruptly that he stopped in a moment.

I heard, or thought I heard, a name I knew spoken by one of the men who were walking a little behind us.

"Rough sort o' customers," hinted my companion aside; "strangers to me."

The man was going on with his story.

"She stood there with her young one a talkin' to an old woman while the stage stopped. Jim, he says to me, 'There's one o' your blamed Yankee big-bugs.'"

"'Dern'd 'f I see 't,' says I, 'nothin' there but a woman with a gray shawl.'"

"Jim, he ripped an' swore, an' he vowed it was one o' the reg'lar codfish. 'An' wot 'll we do with her?' says he.

"'Tip the driver a V, and give her the slip, by hokey,' says I.

"But Jim, he would n't hear to that—might get into a fix 'fore we knowed it, he said, an' just then she started along.

"All 't once says Jim to me, 'Look 'ere,' he says, 'them there truck has a great fashion o' learnin' Dutch at school; s'posin' we spin her off a dozen or so o' Dutch compliments an' see 'f she takes.'"

"'Good,' says I.

"So with that up she comes and gits in. Jim an' me we out with our cigars an' puffin' away. Jim sot an' stared, an' stared. And then he turns round to me an' blazes away with his compliments. We seen she took.

"I tell you, but you ought to know that, Jim. Been all over creation an' up to any thing. Say he's got a reg'lar old Methodist of a mother, an' he haint been home for a coon's age. 'Fraid of her preachin', the boys say.

"Well, Jim he fired away—Jim knows Dutch like a book, I knowed just enough to keep along—an' me watchin' her, an' she watchin'

the side o' the road. Seen she knowed wot she's about—none o' your skeery, screamy sort.

"'Long about dark, fust shanty we come to, stage stopped fur to water the horses. Jim sung out for somethin' to drink. 'Do n't keep it,' says the old man.

"Jim ripped out a rouser 'n wanted to know wot that was fur. Old chap never said a word.

"Jim yelled at him bigger 'n ever—wanted to know wot that was fur.

"'Well, sir,' says the old plug, 'if you want a reason, we do n't consider it right to sell it.' An' 'fore you could say 'beans' madam was out o' the stage an' into the shanty. If Jim did n't go it kitin'. Jim was for out an' thrashin' the old dog fust thing, if I'd back him. But ye see just then we seen three or four fellers comin' up to supper cross lots, an' I just said to Jim, 'Be derned 'f I would.'

"We reckoned we'd seen the last o' the quality; but the fun o' the business was we had n't. 'Fore long up she comes 'side o' the wagon an' gin Jim an' me each on us a tract.'

"'Much obliged,' says Jim, an' begun to twist his 'n up for a lighter.

"'Look 'ere,' says he, 'you're some sort of a Yankee missionary, an't ye? (Driver'd just told us who she was.)

"Says she, 'My husband is a home missionary, sir.'

"'So I hearn,' says Jim; 'will you just give him my respects if you please, an' tell him 't next time he sends out such a purty tract-peddler he'd better just give um orders for to throw in a kiss or two along of each one.'

"An' says she, 'May God forgive you,' an' went back into the shanty, an' that was the last we seen o' her."

"I take this road," said I to my companion, as we reached a diverging bridle-path, "good-night, sir," and I mounted and rode away as fast as my tired horse cared to go.

Faster, as it seemed, for he soon began to flag, and that gave me time to turn and look back at the three figures, now sharply defined against the broadening belt of dull amber in the north-west. I felt the blood grow hot in my forehead with a savage longing to take the poor miscreant by the throat and beat him like a dog.

But I crushed back the brute feeling. By other instincts is our civilization molded—by far other promptings does the faith I preach govern men.

That impulse went, but another came in its place, more plausible, and, therefore, more enduring. I said to myself, "I have had enough of this service. No office, however sacred, can



bind a man to a place where civilization ceases to protect his wife from insult, while it takes out of his hands the only power by which he might do it himself. I have had enough of it; I am done with it now at least. This very evening I'll talk it over with Mary."

The night had deepened now. A noiseless and invisible snow-shower was revealing itself by incessant sprinkling of sharp points in my face, and the wind, seldom at rest over these unobstructed coursing-grounds, grew gusty and dismal in the darkness. Still, for an hour or more I rode on. At last a familiar red star smiled out warm and welcoming from the farthest edge of the prairie. I knew what was there; poor Brownie knew it too, and answered the welcome with a little guttural whinny of anticipation. Brownie's home was a few rods nearer than mine, and I never moved a step beyond it till the tired little creature stood housed and blanketed before a supper such as he deserved. Then I stole up on tiptoe to the window, and looked in at the corner where the curtain was drawn a little aside.

I suppose there was nothing remarkable there. Only a bare floor, with the peculiar cheerfulness of white, bare floors, a smooth surface of unsoiled newspapers stretched out over every square inch of the rough walls, a table set for tea, two or three covered dishes on the hearth of the polished cooking-stove, close down under my eye a little side-table draped in scarlet and black, with a white vase of evergreens and *immortelles*, a little glittering basket of shells, an album, a dainty work-box, and a few beautiful books; over across the room a cradle with a rosy little head asleep on the pillow, and beyond the cradle, rocking softly in her low sewing-chair, with hands and knitting-work at rest in her black silk apron, with drooping curves of soft auburn hair defining her delicate womanly brow, and sweet gray eyes fixed musingly on the fire—my Mary.

I went in.

Mary is becoming very quiet in her songs. Every year I can see she is taking more and more the air of one whose life's demands have overmatched the resources of youth and nature, and who grasps with even firmer hand the strength of high thoughts and heavenly faith. I fear that the hard work which requires me to become too self-repressive and self-economizing is casting a reflected shadow over her. And yet I am too selfish to regret it. This strong, sustaining tenderness of the tried and sanctified woman is so much dearer than even the impulsive affection of her sunny bridehood ever was.

So, as I expected, she only glided up to me with two little hands ready for duty and said, "O, Foster, you look so cold and tired!" and scarcely waited for my kiss before she had my coat unbuttoned and off one shoulder. She put me in the arm-chair before the fire, and then stood beside me brushing the snow out of my hair while I was getting warm and ready for tea. I thought of Jim as her fingers touched my forehead, and my teeth clinched again.

"Foster," said she, bending back my head a little, "something has happened, I know."

"No, Mary, no, nothing has happened."

"Frankly, Foster?"

"Certainly, my child, nothing has happened."

"Well—but we'll talk it all over after tea, sha' n't we, dear?"

It was after tea. Gracie had been transferred from her cradle to the miniature bedroom where her little brother had long been fast asleep, and Mary sat by me fashioning a wee red and white mitten for some one of the four baby hands.

"I heard you were at Blue Spring two weeks ago, Mary," said I.

"Yes, near there. A poor sick woman sent for you, and the best I could do was to go myself."

"You came back in the weekly stage, did you?"

"Part of the way only. The passengers were rather rude, and I stopped over night with a good, kind family on the prairie; they brought me home the next morning on horseback."

This was all the information I was ever to gain from that quarter.

"I do n't like to have you go so far alone over these prairies, my dear."

"O, it was worth while, Foster. Poor Mrs. Bryan was very anxious and gloomy. She had been so 'all alone,' she said, for months—knowing that she was dying, but with no one to help and advise her. She grew cheerful and hopeful while we talked together. I know my visit did her good."

"Mary," said I, "this is a very hard life."

"I know it is, dear."

"A life that neither you nor I are formed for at all."

"Because we do n't do the work as well as some others might, or because it costs us more?"

"Well, now look at it, Mary. We're losing half the value of our lives while we stay here. I rove about over these prairies the year through; preach in barns, and cabins, and what not; sleep under bare rafters; spend literally half my time in propitiating people who hate

good English as they do kid gloves. All this time the training which cost all the best energies of my youth lies idle. It's really in my way. To keep it locked up is a part of my business. When I preach I must drop the words that suit my purpose for the words that suit my hearers. Worse than that, the thoughts that come up to be spoken, let them come with what force and fitness they will, must be cramped and mutilated, and robbed of half their power, or perhaps thrown overboard altogether. You do n't know how I long for an audience who would demand all my resources and more too; with whom my duty would simply be, first, to go on *living* through a range of the deepest experience and the strongest thought possible, and then to daguerreotype that spiritual panorama by all the light I can throw upon it from any where. I might fail—I do n't say I would n't; but only give me that thing to do, and I could write upon it in a way that would bring success at last.

"Now, Mary, it's really a matter of choice. It was so when I begun, and, without vanity, these five years have not injured my chances. I met Barnes the other day, my classmate, who has charge of the largest Church in Stockton; he scolded me roundly—said I was burying myself, and so I am. It would take time and effort to make the change—out of the world as I am—but it can be done."

"Would n't it be a pity to take time and effort away from your own work and give it to the mere worldly object of finding a better place?"

"It is natural that a man should rise in his profession, and, Mary, I'm getting more and more to believe that the natural way is usually the best way."

"So am I, when the natural way has the right to guide us; but then the kingdom of heaven has some heavenly ways of its own."

"Go on, dear."

"There's one thing, I think, that especially fits you for your place, Foster. You love this fervent life of heart and mind, and all the beauty, and truth, and greatness which such a life feeds upon; you love all that, not for what it will do for you, but for what it is. You always did—I remember it's what first made me love you—and now you have lived in it and rested on it till the love has become a real passion. That passion is a great power, Foster, whether you know it or not. You do your work well among your people in their cabins and fields, because you know your solitude will be so happy after the work is done. When you preach, this high-pressure of soul—if that

word will do—sends out all you say with an impulse which makes its greatest force. You feel keenly the check on your power abroad; what if you had no kingdom at home, and your mind instead of that were only the poor, pitiful tool with which you are to make for yourself a place, and reputation, and money."

"Right or wrong, Mary," said I, "that little argument of yours has two edges. The want of this, whatever you call it, is the great want of our time. Society is spoiled by it."

"Then let society be spoiled," flashed out Mary; "the world can afford that a great deal better. But to act for this young *unspoiled* society, and help to make its future good and happy as it must be great—that is worth working for, Foster."

"I have a little theory which I make very useful sometimes. Whenever I meet with a rude, headstrong boy, or a jaundice-eyed skeptic, or a fretful, unhappy old maid, I always take refuge in the thought, 'perhaps this is only a useful and disagreeable transition-stage; and the matured character may be only stronger, and the faith, when it comes, only firmer, and the womanly heart only more true and enduring in the end.' So I make it useful in this case. That rude democracy which makes war on kid gloves and good English, how would you exchange it for the fawning and parroting of the Southern poor whites? The difference is, that this is only the symptom of a transition-stage, and this one stage is going to prove a short one too. You know how the community is changing, family after family coming in who bring with them the tastes and the intelligence of more cultivated regions. But they are bringing with them another transition-stage much more important and critical. They come to develop the wealth of the country, and with their agricultural knowledge and energy they are developing it very fast. Only a few years more and the ruling character over all these fertile prairies of the West will be their character."

"Well, they grow very worldly. Money-value becomes their measure for every thing. It's their work to create material good, they do their work nobly, but in doing it they learn to deify material good. I suppose it's always so when any region is passing rapidly from a savage state to high civilization. The transition-stage will be over only when they leave the great wealth they have created to be used by their children, and then comes the question, 'What shall those children be?' I almost envy the teachers in these prairie school-houses, or, rather, I would if my hands were not full

already of the best and dearest work a woman can ever do.

"Foster, you know what position these five years have placed you in. For fifty miles round you are known by the people, and looked up to, and believed in. Men who sneer at the priesthood generally begin to admit that Mr. Gordon is n't a zealot nor a knave. Hard-working men will bring their horses twenty miles to take you to the bedside of some sick or dying friend. Dear old ladies can easily persuade their worldly money-making families to stow themselves on Sunday into some lumbering prairie wagon, and follow the oxen five or six miles away to some 'cabin, or barn, or what-not' to hear Mr. Gordon. You may preach in unmixed Saxon or even in doubtful English, but night after night sometimes you preach down into eyes filled with sacred tears. Foster, this is *success*.

"I know it's natural that a man should rise in his profession. But then how can we give up the dear old principle that this is n't a profession, but a heavenly ministry! You want me to speak freely, dear?"

"Most certainly, my child."

"How can we give that up, either to Jesuits or Moravians, at the very time of all times when it is most needed and will avail the most?"

"For there are plenty of others who know that you have power to choose. More people than Mr. Barnes can see that you are burying yourself, as seed-corn is buried. It begins to be felt, I know, that there is one hard-worker who do n't work for money. Such a confidence, when it once germinates, always roots itself fast. And, Foster, what if such a faith, with all the higher faith that begins to cling around it, is shaken or torn down? Suppose you sell all this for the most that it can bring—for a city Church, and an elegant house, and some thousands a year. Dear Foster, would n't it be a miserable bargain?"

"That will do, Birdie."

"Foster, I was n't preaching, was I?"

"No, no. But, Mary, you overlooked one thing. What if the people outgrow the preacher? This work is demoralizing me. I do n't say I'm really becoming a backwoodsman, because when I come home I find my own cabin transformed by some magic into a temple of the graces. But I am becoming a backwoods preacher. It has its advantages, to be sure; this taking an inspiring object and working toward it by every method I can either find or invent for myself—this striking out from the track of the schools and of social custom whenever I can make it serve the end, but it unfits

a man for regular duty. Why, Mary, with all my preaching I've scarcely *written* a sermon for a year."

"You've written one, I know," remarked Mary, "and it's the best one you ever wrote in your life. No, Foster, you're advancing, not going back. You're dropping the heavy elegance of the university perhaps, but you're gaining mastery over words by always dealing with them only as the servants of thought. You're approaching more and more nearly that point of perfection where language is so pure a glass that we see nothing but the thought shining through."

"Many thanks. I have n't come to my citadel yet, Mary."

"Better make for the citadel at once, then. I'm going to demolish your outposts as fast as you reach them."

"Here's an outpost for you to demolish. What's to become of our children?"

Her face sobered, but only to a sweet seriousness, and she said, "Our God will be their God after us, and our sons shall be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters shall be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

"But take a merely practical view of it for a moment."

"Is n't that a practical view, dear?"

"Are you yourself quite willing that they should grow up under the influence of the ideas, and manners, and aims of the world around us?"

"Perhaps not; but they will grow up under the influence of our ideas, and manners, and aims. We have only to keep them right. There are no lovelier women than some missionaries' daughters I have known, who had been reared among the heathen, and the world knows what some missionaries' sons have proved to be."

"Well, Mary, setting all this aside; leaving the question of my prospects where you place it; taking our children's future on trust, as you do, there is yet one thing more—to make the sacrifice of your life that I am making. No, no, Mary, this is my question. I do n't expect you to see the merits of it—to make the sacrifice I am making of a life like yours is a thing I have no right to do. You are living here with stronger affinities and greater capacity for a better life than any other woman I have ever known, giving your best years to the work of keeping a poor man's house and training a poor man's children. I do n't know how you do it as you do; I've scarcely an idea. How it is that this hen-coop, with its two chickens, is

kept like a parlor by these ten little fingers, and a tolerable competence made out of my beggarly income, and every call of charity or social duty responded to at once—how it is, especially, that when I am used up and flattened out by my work, and come home to you for a new stock of inspiration, I find the reservoir always overflowing, with no chance whatever of replenishing from without; it's all Greek to me. I only know two things about it; one is that it is done by the concentrated devotion of gifts and attainments which would be invaluable in sustaining the standard of society in the sphere where you belong; and the other is, that such a use for such endowments is simple sacrilege. Mary, I'll tell you one thing now, and then you'll understand me better. I know the story of that stage-ride the other day as well as you do. I overheard it told by one of the rascals himself; it was n't the ringleader; it was the small, sneaking, white-livered, second-hand scoundrel of the two."

"My dear!"

"Very well. I won't call him names, of course. If I must n't flog him nor shoot him, I'll let him alone. But, Mary, I've a right to take care of you, and to place you where it can be done, and I do n't care if"—

"Foster, darling."

She had risen and was standing beside me, with one hand on my forehead and in my hair, and holding my head lightly against her bosom. I concluded, as a man will sometimes, to let her have her way, and so said no more. Presently she came back to her low chair and laid her hand and arm on my knee. And I sat a little while, smoothing down the full, round puff of purple and black delaine in which the arm was hid, and the little ring of white linen at the wrist which represented the pure refinement of womanhood as a circlet of pearls might have done.

At last she spoke again in the sweet, firm tones of earnest feeling:

"This is an older subject with me than with you, Foster. It always comes earlier to a woman. Years ago I thought it all out, and disposed of it finally and forever. One evening I was standing at one of the windows of Mount Holyoke Seminary with a lady who had learned well, and knew well how to teach, the best and maturest lessons of our Mary Lyon. We were looking away over a range of valleys, and uplands, and hill-slopes, illumined by one of those sunsets which, it seems to me, are only at home among the grand reflections and shadows of those central New England mountains, over a landscape that I would make a pilgrimage of a

thousand miles to see once more. And I was very young, and I clasped my hands and said, as a girl will, 'O, how I worship beauty!' And said Miss Romaine, in her grave, earnest way, 'Would you say that if you were speaking to the One whom men ought to worship? Can an idolatry be innocent only because it is beautiful and noble? Mary, my child, I want you to remember this. Among the powers and affections which you are to consecrate to the service of Christ in doing good to others, that love of beauty must be first of all.'

"And I have remembered it, and it has proved a prophecy, Foster. When the One who makes all destinies, disposed of mine so very graciously in making it my work to help a brave, true man in doing his work all my life long, he took away from me all right ever to balance one feather's weight of my success in that against any other earthly good. And I solemnly resolved I never would. And in making good that purpose, the first thing to be sacrificed was, as dear Miss Romaine warned me, that love of the ideal.

"Foster, just absolve me in advance for a little egotism and I will prove to you that this is my question too. From the first, my aim has been to deal with all this as Mary Lyon's great theory of Christian life would guide me. I take from no human hand the necessity of living on, perhaps of growing old, in a wilderness of rugged prairie; or the necessity of renouncing social elegance and high-toned intercourse, and knowing men and women only as we may see them warped and roughened by the hardships of frontier life. But I do n't try to take it as a thing of course. I never try to naturalize myself in this foreign element. I only aim to take it as a Divine trial—a solemn cross to be borne. And, Foster, if I were to shrink from it—if I were to abandon this original aim, and allow my personal interests to check or turn aside your course of sacred effort, all dignity and peace would die out of my earthly life. I should go back to 'the sphere where I belong' a disgraced and degraded recreant. I could never do any thing more but crawl miserably down to the grave with the stain of a base falseness on my soul.

"But Providence has led me still further than this. There are women all around me—weaker women than I—whose hard life robs them of womanly grace and the power of refining influence. They are becoming demoralized as women—unfitted for their womanly office as conservators of an aggressive and, consequently, endangered civilization. Well, when women begin to go wrong, partly because circumstances



lead them, and partly because they lead each other, the influence of one woman who knows how to stand alone is very great. It is easier for me to work actively than passively, and I often try to 'utilize' this tendency, though I doubt if it is wholly good. And so I try to make the sacrifice which must be made a 'living sacrifice.' I do not renounce my old devotion; I only serve instead of worshipping. Like the pious knights whose story sometimes symbolizes our faith so well, I pay my vows in the field, and not in court or cloister. It is my ambition to live through these few years a pioneer of the beautiful, keeping step with a pioneer of learning and Christianity. And I can certainly afford to wait for all fruition, as thousands of others have waited, till the time of fruition comes.

"But, Foster, I have a personal interest on my side too. I am very ambitious; indeed, I am vain. I do love to shine in society. I used to have the most discouraging battles with that disposition when I would find myself manufacturing my best thoughts and dearest enthusiasms into what they call 'brilliant conversational powers.' And even now, after all I have learned, I do n't know, but I believe if I were back in the world, I should often detect myself trying to sustain, not the standard of society, but the eclat of Mary Gordon. I'm safe from all that here. There's nobody to talk about gifts and attainments unless it may be, once in a while, my Don Quixote, when some Sancho makes him eloquent by blaspheming Dulcinea. And so, with all my weakness, if I am only faithful I can learn to be single-minded and unworldly. And I am very well satisfied; I ought to be grateful."

"My dear Mary, you have a very bad habit of always getting the last word."

"Come here, Foster, I've got something to show you."

This tangent-turn of discourse was followed by a half-pirouette back to the opposite wall.

My twelve-foot-square library had overflowed, and this wall was partly covered with bookshelves concealed by white curtains. Now I noticed a long roll of something hung just along the little ruffle at the top of the curtains. Mary took a long black pointer from somewhere and unloosed the knot which tied it, and down rolled almost to the floor a brightly-colored missionary map of the world.

"I've been at work on it eight months," said Mary. "I resolved to do it when you used to want one so much last Winter for evening lectures. Any thing to interest these money-loving people in that cause. I glued sheets of

drawing-paper on the muslin back, you know—look—you can scarcely see the seams even here—and painted it in good firm colors, and varnished it over; John Ball made the rollers and pointer. I tried to represent on it all the facts I could, and I hunted all through your books to get them."

How any amount of "hunting" could have eliminated from my library all the knowledge she had embodied in her map is a mystery to this day. To learn it thoroughly would be to learn in outline the whole history of modern missions.

"I'll explain to you pretty soon," continued Mary, "all the ways I've taken to picture out my statistics. Some of them are right ingenious. I tried to make the outlines very correct and distinct, and I think I did; is n't it nice?"

For answer I took my treasure—my better than Ruth—in my arm, and kissed her again and again. But her "preaching" had left Mary in a merry mood. She put up her hand to give my hair a little twitch and then glided away with a gay bird-like motion and stood, explaining her work, pointer in hand, like a Lady Psyche, discoursing science.

We were thus engaged when a knock at the door startled us. I opened it to admit one of the hardy, rough-coated teamsters of a neighboring settlement. When I asked him to be seated, he reckoned it was n't hardly worth while, he could n't stop neither. He had been to Alder Holler, twenty odd miles up the country last week with a load, and a woman give him a letter for me. He counted to start that direction agin, ruther good season next day, and she said for me to read the letter 'fore he went, if I would n't mind.

So while Mary was urging the awkwardly-pleased fellow to "sit by the fire a few minutes," I bent over the candle to read the letter.

"dear bruther Gorden I take my Pen in hand fur to Request if you could cumm & see my son my Son is been a wild yuth & my prayers is gon up fur him Day & Nite & I trust & believe hes not fur from the kingdom at last Blessid be the Lord Wot is brot my Son fur to think on his Ways is ty Means of a tract which was giv to him by Sister Gorden so he says & may the Lord bless & keep & preserve her & a Mothers blessin too til she gits safe home to glory Plee excuse all erers I aint much of a scoller but I wanted so fur you to see My son & lede him the rite Way & I knowed Jim wouldn't a darst he felt so awfull cut up about Talkin ruff that day wen sister Gorden was in the stage & I beg & pray that the dear christinn Lady wont lay it up agin him So come if you kan possable & tell the man When So no More at present from your sister in the good old way to glory

"MRS SARAH JANE REISCHEL."

"If you see Mrs. Reischel before I do," said I to the man as I handed the letter to Mary, say to her, if you please, that I have an appointment at ten to-morrow, but I will see her as soon after that as possible. And how do you find teaming this Fall, sir?"

After the necessary chat on this interesting topic, I bid the man good-night and turned to see what Mary had to say.

She did n't seem to have any thing to say. There was a hard day's work before me to-morrow, and she was wisely setting me the example of lighting her candle to retire.

But when she had opened the bedroom door she paused a moment, with the latch in her hand, and the half-dusky background of softly-clustered lily-white draperies beyond her, and looked up at me with a bright, significant smile.

"Yes, Mary, I know it," said I in answer to the smile. "Blessed are they that have *not* seen and yet have believed."

### ALONE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

I SIT by the fire while the twilight gloom  
Throws its wavering shadows across the room;  
I sit and think till the fading light  
Dies out, and the silent, dreamy night,  
The sober night with her noiseless tread,  
Doth reign the beautiful day instead.

Till the morning breaks do I musing sit  
And watch the fire with my sleepless eyes;  
The shadows that over the hearth-stone flit  
Are heavy with untold memories.  
The heart's own record the night doth bear,  
Its love, its sorrow is written there.

There are thoughts that utterance vainly seek,  
There is woe that no mortal tongue can speak;  
There is peace from the well-borne grief distilled,  
And joy that the careless heart ne'er thrilled;  
For never in vain doth the spirit call  
For the Father's love which is over all.

The past comes out from its sepulcher dim,  
But the cadence sad of its funeral hymn  
Is drowned in the living choral clear  
That comes afresh to my listening ear;  
It stirs not the silence; its full, sweet tone,  
Through the midnight hush, comes to me alone.

Is it strange if I catch in my darkened room  
A gleam of the glory beyond the tomb?  
If my yearning love brings the lost ones near,  
And thrills my heart with their voices clear?  
If I cling to the clasp of each unseen hand,  
And dwell for the time in the spirit-land?

But the morning dawns. Through the mists of gray,  
With its duties grave comes the busy day;

With its load of care, with its pleasures sweet,  
With sorrow and death for some to meet.  
Ah, beautiful dreams, I must turn from you;  
The Master has work for me to do.

### MARRIAGE.

BY J. W. MONTCLAIR.

LOVE's magnet-like—by instinct hearts are mated,  
To live in pairs, we were in pairs created.

'T is wedlock wins the heritage of earth;  
Then squander not thy claim to man's estate;  
Though anchorite and nun lead barren lives,  
Ours is the fate to dwell in living hives;  
And when at length in death these shores we flee,  
Children renew life's bond eternally.

All ties of home are transient: younger claims  
Soon ask a sister's or a brother's care;  
Death leads away our parents, friends estrange—  
Their habits, our convictions—how they change!  
When time has flung its burden on thy back,  
What bliss to have a loved one at that side,  
Who, hand-in-hand, has wandered far with thee,  
Toward the portals of eternity!

Seek not 'mong vain and night-parading things  
For company with whom to link thy fate;  
For them thy purse must golden grain distill,  
That they may molt gay feathers at their will;  
To perch in gilded cage on rose-wood frames,  
And feed from crystal cups, are all their aims.  
By night may'st thou thy paragon dove display—  
Although she prove an owl concealed by day—  
That wives may envy and men emulate  
Home misery and happiness of state!

Go, find some truer type of woman-kind;  
One moved by kindred soul, thy peer in mind,  
Whose aspirations will not fail to show  
A wife in feeling, a mother in embryo;  
Whose every purpose twining with thine own  
Completes itself when both to one are grown.

### SONNET.

BY REV. T. S. HODGSON.

O THOUGHT! O eloquence! O song! O love!  
The God that burns within us, and gives birth  
To the soul-glory that has bathed the earth  
With something like divinity! O move  
Upon our passion-dearth, as Noah's dove  
Swept o'er the world of waters—wake the worth,  
That slumbers deep 'neath mockery and mirth,  
In human souls, and lift them far above  
The dust and weariness of wingless aims.  
O for one spark of that undying fire,  
Which through the poet's heart shot its keen flames,  
Then might our age spring from its mammon-mire;  
And shed fresh luster upon mightier names  
Than yet have swept the spirit's Christ-strung lyre!

## THE TRANSFIGURATION.

BY REV. E. C. BRUCE, M. A.

THE scene of the transfiguration is one of the most sublime and glorious in the history of our Savior. It probably occurred on either Mount Tabor or Mount Hermon. It is said that in the battle of Mount Tabor Napoleon, calling to mind the scene of the transfiguration eighteen hundred years before on the same spot, as he believed, was inspired with new energy against the foe.

The chief facts in this scene are the following: Christ took three of his disciples, Peter, James, and John, and went apart to a mountain to pray. While there he was transfigured, his face shone as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. Moses and Elias then appeared in glorious apparel with him and conversed with him touching his death, which he was soon to suffer at Jerusalem. The disciples were awe-struck at the sight, and Peter, hardly realizing what he said, exclaimed, "Master, it is good for us to be here, and let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." Presently a bright cloud enveloped them, and a voice came out of it saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear him." When the voice and cloud were passed, Jesus was again alone with the disciples.

This scene must have demonstrated to the disciples that Christ was a prophet. Eight days before he had said, "Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom." In this he referred to his resurrection and to the miraculous establishment of his Church. But these were subjects which his disciples were not then prepared fully to comprehend. They must have understood, however, that reference was had to something extraordinary, though their minds were not yet fully penetrated with the glorious spirituality of Christ's character and kingdom. But this scene had a tendency to elevate their thoughts and feelings touching the divine majesty of their Master. As the sudden exhibition of extraordinary capacity in a man is a visible proof of his superior powers, so was this scene the bright outbeaming of Christ's real character, his divinity. The disciples must have felt like saying, "Surely, so glorious a personage must have a kingdom glorious and mighty beyond our highest conceptions." Though this scene was not itself a fulfillment of any prophecies, it must have forcibly impressed the disciples with Christ's prophetic character as supe-

rior to even Moses and Elias, and it must have stimulated them to look with confidence for the fulfillment of all that he had spoken.

There was also evidence given at the transfiguration of a separate state where the good are happy. It is natural for man to feel some curiosity about a future state. The question was asked as early as the days of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" This question is fully answered in the affirmative by the general teachings of the Scriptures. But, as if to confirm the disciples more strongly in the doctrine of a future life, the scene of the transfiguration presented to them two examples of the inhabitants of that world returned to this. They were exceptions to the common saying, "From whose bourne no traveler returns." When Columbus returned to Spain from his first voyage of discovery, he took with him a few natives as the strongest proof of the existence of the new world and its inhabitants. So the appearance to the disciples of Moses and Elias after an absence of hundreds of years from earth was proof of a country beyond where the spirits of the dead live, and where the pious are happy, for these two "appeared in glory." These facts are altogether inconsistent with the theory that death is an eternal sleep, or that the soul sleeps with the body till the general resurrection. But they accord with and strengthen the belief that the pious upon departure from the body are in a state of conscious happiness with God.

This scene may also be regarded as presenting an illustration of the resurrection process in glorifying the human body. The body of Christ is supposed to have here gone into the resurrection state and then to have resumed its natural condition to illustrate to the disciples the fact and process of the resurrection. It was an experiment beforehand to give them clearer and more enlarged views of the doctrine. It had a tendency to prepare their minds for his actual resurrection and ascension. When they should afterward witness these they would remember that they had seen him in that glorious state before. Besides, the lessons here given could not fail to prepare their minds for further instructions touching the general resurrection. When they should afterward learn that the bodies of the saints should be changed and fashioned like Christ's glorious body, they would better understand the value of the change. When they should still further learn that this change would be "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," they would remember how suddenly the transition was wrought with the body of Christ on

the Mount. They would also remember that there was no new creation in the body of Christ; that the same particles composed it when glorified as before; that it had the same form and size; that it was only "invested with new properties of glory," as charcoal becomes a diamond without any change in the identity of its particles.

This scene, further, manifests the sympathy existing between saints in heaven and the Church on earth. Many questions of engrossing interest arise touching the knowledge and feelings of the departed respecting the affairs of earth. Do departed saints have a knowledge of and feel an interest in what occurs upon earth? Do they know our joys and sorrows, our sinnings and repentings, our vocations and plans of life? Reason would seem to answer that they do, for their thoughts and sensibilities are probably not less but more active and alive after death than before. The friends and religious enterprises of earth which interested them before death we may well suppose would interest them still. But what thus appears probable from the reason of the case seems to be settled beyond a doubt by disclosures at the transfiguration. The conversation of Moses and Elias with Christ upon his approaching death seems to show that the subject was a matter of both knowledge and interest to them. They knew that they had lived and departed in faith in the merits of that death. They knew also of its connection with the salvation of millions of the race afterward to be. They must hence have dwelt upon it with solemn and rapturous delight. What a conversation was that with such parties upon such a theme! It would be interesting to know what direction it took and how long it lasted. But if the disciples overheard and understood it they have not reported it. If the spirits of the departed are cognizant of what is transpiring upon earth, how should it suggest to us circumspection in thought and in action! We should indeed be restrained from sin and improprieties by the fact that God sees us; yet the additional consideration that our departed friends are cognizant of our course of life may be also entertained, and should exert its influence upon us. This interview of Moses and Elias with Christ was extraordinary, yet they appeared in their own proper persons. It therefore affords no countenance to the doctrines of table-turners and spiritual-rappers. If departed spirits were to communicate with their friends on earth it would probably be done in the more rational mode of Moses and Elias with Christ. This scene moreover presented Christ in his

glorious kingdom. He had been prophesied of and looked upon as a king, and it was admitted that he had a kingdom. But it was natural to associate his royalty with that of earthly kings. One of the greatest sources of disappointment in him to his cotemporaries was, that he did not appear and act like other kings. His kingdom was not of this world. He was the king of glory, and his kingdom was a kingdom of glory. His entire stay upon earth was a constant transfiguration. His original, native aspect was like that seen on the Mount. His countenance and raiment there gave some intimation of the glory which he had with the Father before the world was. He was really the personage of whom it had been said, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the King of glory come in." Such a scene must have given the disciples exalted views of the divine royalty of Christ, elevated far above earthly kings. Well may a being of so great exaltation and glory be called "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

#### LOOKING FORWARD.

BY MRS. J. E. AKERS.

Down the future's darksome vista  
Shines a radiant star,  
Than the lamps of night celestial  
Dearer, brighter far;  
Dearer to earth's care-worn mortals,  
It reveals a day  
When the ills with which we battle  
Shall have passed away.  
Poring over musty volumes  
Weary students see  
By its light what fame in future  
Will their portion be.  
Ambition sees his meed of glory  
Ready to be won;  
Timid Love, his heart's best idol,  
Trustingly his own.  
Weary ones whose labor endeth  
Only to begin  
With another morning's dawning,  
Joy to see its beam;  
For its brightness shows the riches  
That their hands may share,  
But full of its silvery beaming  
Is a mirage fair.  
Ay, how oft when almost grasping  
The delusive light  
Mortals find it fast receding  
From their eager sight;  
But when set across the river  
On the other shore,  
The bright star of hope will lead us  
Where all care is o'er.



## MEMORIES OF ROME.

BY REV. E. B. WELCH.

## THE PAPAL PAGEANT IN THE BORGO.

WHEN we arrived at Rome in mid Autumn we learned that his Holiness, the Pope, had been for some time absent from the city. He has a magnificent Summer residence at the Papal villa, Castel Gondolfo, fourteen miles south-east from Rome. This villa is picturesquely situated on the summit of an extinct volcano more than four hundred feet high. Before it and beneath lies the lovely Alban Lake, in its crystal depths a faithful mirror of the castel. Above it and around sweep the encircling hills, crowned with companion villas, and diversified with charming grottos. At its right, and near at hand, rises the lofty Alban Mount, on whose summit may be seen the ruins of the famous temple, Jupiter Latialis, built nearly three thousand years ago—the first temple erected to Jupiter in the “Beloved Latium.” Beyond stretch the historic fields which Virgil’s muse has rendered classic in the last six books of the *Æneid*. It is indeed said to be the favorite retreat of Pius IX during the hot season when the valley of the Tiber breeds miasma, and the atmosphere of Rome, is especially insalubrious. Here he had been staying ostensibly to recruit his health. But his absence was conjectured to have another and perhaps a more important purpose; namely, to negotiate with the Neapolitan Government against the Italian Confederacy. This conjecture I could the more keenly and correctly appreciate, as I had recently witnessed the triumphal entry of Victor Emanuel into Milan, and attended the grand reception of Count Cavour and the Roman deputation, who had come to Milan for the specific object of transferring their respective States from the Pope of Rome to the King of Italy. I knew it to be a critical period in the temporal affairs of his Holiness. At Milan and at Florence it was openly declared that the protection of Louis Napoleon alone preserved the appearance of quiet in the Vatican, and that French bayonets prevented a popular uprising at Rome. I was consequently much amused by an Italian guide who called in the morning to secure our patronage; and to enforce his application, informed us that to-day the Pope was to return to the city, that he was to have a grand reception, that if we would witness it we must go early to the Borgo beyond the Tiber, that there would be a great crowd, and we would require a guide.

The policy of the Pope’s friends was, evidently, to endeavor to impress the Roman people and strangers particularly with his immense popularity. Under the circumstances it seemed to me a curious policy, which I was inclined to watch, at least, when, as to-day, it harmonized with the object of my visit; namely, to see Rome and its lions. As the guide was disposed to be communicative, I accommodated him with the opportunity. In reply to my allusion to the Pope he remarked that Pius IX was a great favorite at Rome, that the people felt his absence like that of a father, and were impatient to see him. It occurred to me that this passionate longing might possibly have been gratified at the distance of Gondolfo—a pleasant ride of fourteen miles from Rome. Introducing another topic, he replied that some of the cardinals were popular with the people, but that these were not the most influential with the Pope in council—an admission that did not seem to harmonize with his unqualified praise of his Holiness. Cardinal Antonelli he regarded as the ruling spirit at the Vatican; “and Antonelli,” said the guide, “is a very devil for Rome. While the other cardinals urged the Pope to reform and retrenchment, Antonelli resisted. He retired to his country residence, made large investments in speculation so as to secure a monopoly, and then influenced the state of affairs so as to raise the price of provisions and rent nearly double.” He declared that spies were distributed everywhere, and that many persons of the first rank had been imprisoned till the prisons were filled, and that Antonelli was at the bottom of this. I inferred, however, that, as unpopular as Antonelli might be with the people, he was quite satisfactory to the Pope, as he was his Secretary of State, and had been intrusted with the management of affairs during the absence of his Holiness. Indeed, Antonelli himself had ordered this public reception of the holy father. The policy already hinted at seemed to me still more apparent, and I resolved to witness the pageant.

At an early hour I set out for St. Peter’s and the Vatican. Approaching the Tiber I saw the streets adjacent decorated with flags from many a window and roof. The ancient “Pons Ælius,” or bridge of St. Angelo, that near the huge Mausoleum of Hadrian spans the River Tiber, at the entrance to which one Pope erected the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, and another built a lofty parapet and upon the ten piers placed the statues of ten angels—this bridge of the Tiber, which was once covered with shops and booths till of

itself it formed a busy little village, was now decked with banners and pennants, while beside each statue was displayed the Papal ensign. On the opposite bank of the Tiber stands the castle of St. Angelo, now a Papal fortress, once a royal tomb;

"The mole which Hadrian reared on high,  
Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles."

More than seventeen centuries ago the vast mausoleum rose beside the Tiber to receive and protect the ashes of the magnificent Emperor. Procopius, who saw it in the sixth century, says that "it rose above the walls of the city, that it was built of square blocks of Parian marble, and on the summit were erected statues of men and horses of admirable workmanship, likewise cut in Parian marble." Now, alas! it is occupied by French soldiers as a military post! It had been easy to muse upon the mutability of human plans and the vanity of human ambition. But time did not allow, and besides, it might have been disloyal to the present occasion. Advancing, I was reminded, as I saw in the distance the statue of St. Michael towering on its summit, of the famous legend that "Gregory the Great, leading a religious procession over this bridge toward St. Peter's to deplore a pestilence, was surprised by the vision of the Archangel standing on the summit of this fortress in the act of sheathing his sword to signify that the plague was staid." Hence the name of St. Angelo. This legend was quite in keeping with the present appearance of the castle. Crossing the bridge I observed a strong guard of French soldiers peering down from the frowning fortress. Along the street leading to St. Peter's the Papal colors were flying, and crowds were gathering, citizens, strangers, and priests, monks and friars—great numbers of the three latter classes, and these of every grade and hue—priests shorn and unshorn, black and blue, white and gray, and red, Capuchins, and Bernardines, and Benedictines, Dominicans and Franciscans, Augustines and Carthusians. There were but few carriages visible, but these were industriously employed, as if to multiply the effect. They were used chiefly to convey cardinals, priests, and ladies. Those designed for the cardinals were easily distinguished by their heavy gilding, their scarlet trimmings, and by the number of attendants in livery, coachmen, footmen, etc. As these dignitaries passed by the soldiers lifted their caps. Seldom did a citizen deign to do them reverence. I recalled the conversation of the guide, and concluded that these

cardinals did not belong to the popular minority. We reached the piazza in ample time. Indeed, after we had taken our stand beside the grand obelisk in front of St. Peter's, Cardinal Antonelli passed leisurely along to meet the Pope as special escort. His appearance was bold and impressive, and quite in keeping with his reputation of superior ability. His keen, black eye, as if in scrutiny, surveyed the crowd which opened to the right and left as he advanced; and, although he received from them nothing but reproachful silence, yet his eagle glance did not cower, but on the contrary seemed more cold and haughty. Some one remarked that the cardinal was proprietor of the Hotel de Rome as well as Secretary of State, and made each business profitable, but that before the close of the year he would be permitted by the Pope to devote his whole time to the management of the hotel. The public expectation and the public wish seemed at the time to warrant the prediction. But, although the prophecy was just, unfortunately it was not true. The subtle and reactionary cardinal is the suitable agent of a timid and conservative Pontiff, and Antonelli has been retained.

For an hour or more the crowd waited expectantly, the colors flapped fitfully in the gusty wind; many a hat was doffed, not in honor of any one in particular, but in obedience to the gale, compelling the owners to a hurried pursuit for the recovery of truant property, and to the amusement of the crowd. Beggars were having a hey-day, and they were improving the time as industriously as any class I saw. Soldiers occupying the middle of the street were leaning on their guns or against each other, jesting at the expense of the holy father who had employed them as his special protectors. Bands of peasants, sallow, ragged, filthy—as wretched as can be found no where but in Rome—were returning from their day's service of hard labor and poor pay. Some were urging along poverty-stricken donkeys overloaded and well-nigh sinking beneath the heavy burdens. Others were mounted, sometimes in pairs, upon sorry-looking, obstinate mules, which occasionally expressed resentment of their rider's heavy heels by a spirited recalcitration to the great amusement of the spectators. Some were trudging wearily along with strange-looking scythes dangling from their shoulders, apparently primitive enough to have belonged to the original inventions of Tubal Cain. Scythes and donkeys, peasants and beggars, monks and friars, priests and soldiers, cardinals and carriages, a few strangers and fewer citizens, composed the motley scene on

the one hand, while on the other were the grand colonnades, the two fountains in full play, the lofty Egyptian obelisk, the galleries to right and left leading from the colonnades to the vestibule of the cathedral, the Vatican in its pride, and St. Peter's, with its fantastic front and its majestic dome. It was a scene for an artist, full of contradictions and suggestions, comprehending in one view luxury and poverty, the sublime and the ridiculous. As I waited for the coming pageant I could not but contrast the lordly Vatican with the miserable hovels in its immediate neighborhood; the costly pavements leading up to the cathedral with the filthy, narrow streets I had threaded on my way; the scarlet robes and splendid equipage of cardinals with the tattered garments of the beggars and the wretched animals urged along by ragged peasants. But my reflections were disturbed by the hasty approach of a horseman with bright epaulettes, a dashing plume, and a drawn sword. He announced the fact that his Holiness had arrived, that the way must be cleared and the guard be ready. Presently he returned at the top of his speed to inform the Pope whether all was right and safe. The band stationed in the piazza struck up the signal for the advance, and the small but splendid cortege approached, first the gens d'arme, then the carriage which conveyed his Holiness, followed by those of the cardinals; Antonelli, as special escort, rode with the Pope. The Pontiff's carriage was magnificent, well-nigh covered with heavy gilding, and drawn by four large black horses richly caparisoned. As it approached monks and friars, priests and soldiers uncovered, the more faithful doing him the reverence to kneel upon the hard pavement till he had passed. Failing in devotion or absorbed in curiosity, I neglected to kneel and failed to remove my hat in season, but succeeded in obtaining a fair view of the Pope and the cardinal—the latter clothed in scarlet, the former robed in white. Having entered the Piazza St. Pietro the cortege passed around the cathedral in this way to reach the Vatican. This was the signal for a strategic scramble by a short cut, if possible, through the gallery in front of the cathedral to the Papal residence, and so anticipate his arrival and gain a better and nearer view of the Pope. With a number of venerable priests, devout women, and curious Americans I set out by this route to the Vatican. At the foot of the ascending gallery we encountered a Swiss guard. This to me proved a surprise. But, fortunately, just at that time wearing a long black coat, I was allowed to pass without

interruption, being mistaken, doubtless, for one of the order. Most of the crowd were denied admission. My American friends in gray coats were detained, questioned, and with difficulty allowed to pass. Once in the gallery, we redeemed the time and were soon at the summit of the lofty ascent, and beside the very door of the Vatican. The proceeding appeared to me somewhat undignified, but I adopted the proverbial advice, "When you are with the Romans do as the Romans do."

The cortege had not yet arrived. A few of the Papal police were there, who hastily arranged us in line and vigilantly kept us in order. Silently we awaited the arrival of his Holiness. The advance guard rode in, dismounted, drew their swords, and ran to the entrance. The gilded coach and four then dashed up to the doorway and halted. Some in their curiosity had forgotten to remove their hats, but they were reminded of their neglect by a stalwart officer, who abruptly performed this service for each delinquent. Again the faithful kneeled. The soldiers in mechanical uniformity bent the knee. The gilt door of the gilt carriage flew open, and the decrepit old man alighted, or tried to alight. This he effected with some difficulty, assisted by Cardinal Antonelli and one or two others. I stood near him, and could mark his slow and tottering step. He seemed oppressed with age and with the cares of an unsettled and unreliable authority. Perhaps his negotiations disturbed him. Perhaps swift-winged rumor, which

"Doth double like the voice and echo  
The number of the feared,"

had met and scared him with her reports.

As I turned away it was with a feeling of disgust and contempt. Disgust for the vain display in the name of religion, and especially by him who assumes to be the vicegerent of Christ and the head of the Christian Church. Alas! how contrary to the genius of Christianity and the example and precept of its divine Author! Contempt for such pomp attendant upon the mere shadow of authority. Disgust at the flattery of those who cherish no true regard for the government. Contempt of the men who thus merely bow at despotism. Are such contradictions to be perpetual among those who claim kindred with the freemen of ancient Rome! Shall Christianity be forever disgraced by such solemn mockery? Or shall Freedom claim her birthright, and Religion assert her divine prerogative, Christianity be disinherited, and Rome at length be free?

## GLIMPSES OF OUR LAKE REGION.

BY MRS. H. O. GARDNER.

## CHAPTER IX.

## MATTIE KANNARY.

IMAGINE a great, staring, red brick house, without blinds to the windows, and not a tree or bush growing near it for shade. It is the Magrath House, once a hotel, but now the home of seventeen Irish families. In a little attic chamber of this crowded hive lives a poor friend of mine, Mattie Kannary. She is sixty years old, and her hands are so swollen with rheumatism as to be nearly useless. When I am inclined to murmur at God's providential dealings I go for a cure to old Mattie's room.

She has not a relation in the world, unless a brother, who emigrated to the far West twenty-five years ago, should still be living. This is scarcely probable, for it is sixteen years since he has been heard from. I have written at odd times half a score of letters at Mattie's dictation in the vain hope of getting some information in regard to him.

How Mattie lives puzzles me often. She has no money and no visible means of support, and it is now two years since she has been able to work. She is wholly dependent upon the charity and kind offices of others; but she always has just enough for present need, and is never troubled about the future.

Every body likes her. It is a pleasure, after traversing the long, dirty halls and taking in all the odious sights, and smells, and noises of the great house, to come to her neat, quiet room and sit down by the little window which is high enough to secure fresh air. It is like getting into a new world, the contrast is so great.

In the Winter-time I like to sit down cozily by the old-fashioned stove and talk with Mattie. The real desolation of her lot does me good, because she is so unconscious of it, so hopeful and so thoroughly contented. It puts me in good humor with all the world—the heartless, deceitful world which puts on an honest, well-meaning look when seen from her stand-point.

It was the last evening of the old year when she told me her simple life history. I had been repeating aloud, though it was for my own edification rather than hers, some lines which had haunted me all day.

"Old year, you must not go;

So long as you have been with us,

Such joy as you have seen with us,

Old year, you shall not go.

Old year, you shall not die;

We did so laugh and cry with you,

I've half a mind to die with you,

Old year, if you must die."

"Ah, shure, that is the fine poetry, ma'am," said Mattie, who had listened admiringly to my recitation. "Perhaps it's a bit o' yer own making?"

"O, no; I could n't write any thing half so sweet to save my life. It was written by Tennyson, a poet who belongs to your side of the water."

"An Irishman?" she asked eagerly.

"No; I suppose he is English. But such poets belong to the world, Mattie."

Mattie's interest subsided at once. She does not like the English, and has little reverence for English genius.

"Tell me about yourself, Mattie," I said. "I want to forget the old year and all its memories."

"It's little I can tell yees, ma'am. It's a lowly road I've thraveled all me days, whether in America or in me own land over the sea, it were the same ivery-where, niver far oop, though often well-to-do, and niver forsaken, as ye see for yerself."

"Tell me all you can remember, Mattie. I shall be interested, I know."

"Ye'll think betther o' it, shure, before I get far in me story, but I can stop whin ye likes; only yees will promise not to let me rin on an' ye're weary."

"Yes, I promise."

"I do n't remimber whin I was born," began Mattie, soberly, "but it was in the city of Dublin. We moved into the counthree whin I was a wake old, and I have no idea of the place to give you, for I was niver within forty miles of it afterward, and I was over young to fix it in me mind then. My father was bred in the counthree, and the open fields and bit cabins were one and all like home to him; but me mother were city born, and she were like a bird trapped after it is grown, too old to be tamed. She niver got used to the new life, but jist sat down and fretted all the rest of her days.

"She had six children beside meself, all boys. They are all dead together, barrin Phelan at the West, and there's small trust in him now. One by one the lads dropped off till half of the six were gone, and thin, whin I were just turned of twelve, me mother died. In less than a year me father was laid by her side, and all the money he left was spent in holy masses for them all.

"It were a lucky chance or a providence,"



said Mattie, "that the boys were mostly gone before their father, for it was as much, and more too, as Ted and Phil could do to kape themselves till the next Christmas, when Teddy died of the fever and left us two by ourselves."

"How old was Phelan?"

"Nearly fifteen years, ma'am, but looking all of five years oulder. A great, stout laddie, wi' the beard already coom to his lips and cheek."

"What did you do? Had you no relations or friends to care for you?"

"We had no relations; leastways none came near us, which is the same thing. But we had friends on all sides. Too many, for aich o' the lot were full o' kind counsels, but no two of hem had the same opinion. We could n't heed all, so we jist took counsel wi' aich other. We did what we thought was best; we jist broke oop the ould home and wint out to service. Patsey M'Shale, who lived near the town, took me at first to rin of errands and mind the baby, and it was there I learned the nice laundry work which has been me thrade iver since. She was a friend indade, ma'am."

"Yes," I replied, "a true friend, for she made you independent and self-reliant."

"Whin I knew the business well," Mattie continued, "she got me a place near Limerick in a nobleman's house. I thought me fortune was made, shure. The young leddies were not afraid to put the most delicate work into me hands. Arrah, if ye could but have seen the illigant laces and muslins, and the fine, rich work on them all! It was a pleasure to do it. It were against nature to help loving my young mistresses. I can not describe them for yees; there's nothing in America to compare wi' them, the swate-spoken beauties! There were three of them, and aich handsomer than the others. One of them is a Countess, and the others married into the proud English families who used to spind a part of aich year at the Hall. I had lived there three years," said Mattie, lowering her voice almost to a whisper, "whin I had a lover meself. It may seem a small matther to you, ma'am, but that is the time of all me life which kapes its colors aye brightest. I sit here alone of a Winter's evening and live it over and over again an' niver am tired o' the thinking and remimbering."

"I shut me eyes and there he sits. We are back again in the wide kitchen, an' I hear his pleasant voice a joking wi' the cook and the housemaid, and, though he says but little to me or I to him, I catch the sly, loving smiles and glints o' the eye. There were niver such eyes

before. Bright as the very stars and honest as well, and shining wi' sinse an' good-humor, the fine laddie! An ye'll bring me that little tin box from the shelf yon I'll show ye a bit o' his hair."

I brought the box and tried to open it for her, but she was not willing that any hands but her own should touch the contents, so I laid it in her lap after springing the lock.

"There!"

She held up a thick curl of bright, brownish-red hair. It shook in her trembling fingers, and changed its hue in the light of the near candle till it seemed to me as well as to Mattie like a living presence.

"It is indeed very beautiful," I replied to her look of inquiry.

"Yes, ye may weel say that. I've seen many a fine head o' hair since then," said Mattie, replacing the curl in the box, "but nothing like that, nothing like that. Forty years ago! Me own hair was bright thin."

"Forty years is a long time to look back upon."

"Is it? It seems like a drame. I was just twenty whin he left me to make a home for us both in America. Ochone! the dark day it was! But net so dark as it would have been had I known thin that I was niver to look on him more."

"O, Mattie! Then you did not marry him after all. Poor Mattie!" I said pityingly, for the slow, scant tears of age and spent sorrow were coursing down her cheek.

"He had been gone a year," she went on presently, "whin me masher one day brought me a letther. It begged me to coom to Amer-ica at once, where was a nice, coomfortable home all in waiting for me. The money for the passage over was in it, and enough to pay for me brother Phil too, for he could not bear me to journey alone, and he could not lave to fetch me himself."

"In a little time we were on the sea, and I counted ivery day that brought me nearer to him. Arrah, the hiven that New York looked in the distance! Me home was there—the home o' me heart. Whin we reached the long wharf and came to a stop at last there was no one to meet us. Me heart began to sink, but I would not borrow trouble. 'It's all right, Phil,' I said, 'the fair winds have brought us before the time.'

"I knew better, and so did Phil, for we were days behind time wi' the conthrary winds. I would not wait on board for Phil to look him up. 'No,' I said, 'we'll go together.'

"It were asy to find where he had been liv-

ing, but whin we asked for himself no one would answer at all. It were a kind of office, and there were three or four gentlemen waiting, an' they looked first at us and thin at aich other, but no one spake. At last one of them came and sat down by me and took me by the hand. No need to tell me then.

"He was expecting you," he said.

"Yes, I know."

"His place is left all furnished for you."

"Yes." The room began to look dark, but I held on to his hand.

"He took the fever a fortnight—. Jim, bring a glass of wine!" he called out to a lad near us. He made me drink the wine, and then he said, 'He was buried yesterday. We tried hard to save him, but care and skill could not keep him. You were never out of his mind. His last words were, "Mattie, darling." There, do n't be ashamed to cry; it will do you good,' said the kind gentleman. He was crying himself, and Phil took me in his arms and sobbed like a child."

Mattie could not control her voice to go on with her story. It was a new revelation of her character to me. I understood now what had made it easy for her to accept her lot of obscure poverty. She looked at it in contrast with this life-sorrow.

"I canna tell yees," said Mattie at last, "what a sad cooming home it was. There was the new furniture and all sorts o' odd little contrivances for convenience, and even his own new clothes laid ready for the wedding that was niver to coom on earth. But he, the charm o' it all, was gone foriver. Forty years ago the thirteenth o' June."

"Did you stay there, Mattie?"

"Nigh on to four years. Then Phil got married and wint to the West. I would not go wi' him, though he begged me wi' tears. 'No, no, Phil, do n't ask me,' I said, 'I canna lave his grave. Let me stay where he is sleeping.' So I was left by myself. But I could not live alone. I gave up the house and went to live as a laundress in the family of Mr. Lincoln. He was the gentleman who was so kind whin me throuble came.

"I staid there five years. Then the family went south to live, to Mississippi, where Mrs. Lincoln belonged. She had a plantation there. I could not go wi' them," said Mattie, proudly, "to be a white slave among niggers. It's plinty irksome to serve wi' yer own color and nation, the low Irish in particular, but I canna bide niggers at any price. So I staid in New York, rented a room, and kept entirely to myself for a time."

"Well, Mattie?"

A light broke over her face as she laughed merrily. All this time there had been scarcely a trace of the Irish brogue or the national peculiarities of expression; but she seemed to change all over as she looked up to answer me.

"What happened next, Mattie?"

"Och, ma'am, it were a fool's deed next, for shure. There was Patrick Kannary, the big, lumpy, freckled gossoon, wi' niver a house to his head or a penny in his purse, wi' no stock on arth barrin' laziness an' good temper, wi' his pipe niver out of his mouth save whin ating or dhrinking. He came to me room on a Sunday after the mass an' asked me to marry him. Arrah, the impidence of the crathur!"

"But you did n't, surely," I said, quite unable to connect such want of forethought with Mattie.

"Ay, but I did thin. Is n't me name Kannary? It were the big folly o' me life, shure; but I did it all the same. Ye will mind as I were alone in the world, and that lonesome that I could ha' worshiped a dummy an it had thruly cared for me. I was a woman, an' ye need not be tould what a woman's life is without some'at to cling to. Any thing were better than that yearning afther a fellow-feeling, that cravin' for somethin' for the heart to coom home to. So I married Pathrick Kannary."

"Did he work for you, Mattie?" I asked rather doubtfully.

"Well, as to that I worked for him. I did n't mind it. I was strong and used to the toiling and managing, an' it was asy enow to kape all snoog and above board. It'll seem strange to you, ma'am, but indade I were happier now than I had been for long years. I had an object to live for, an' it brought me contint at laste. Me lot was o' me own making, were it betther o' worse, and there were little sinse in fretting."

"And Patrick?"

"O, thin, Pathrick were like a gentleman born. He gave up both worruk and care, an' was the invy o' all his comrades. The world wint fair and smooth wi' him, wi' niver a hitch in the machinery. Ye may take me word, ma'am, that he niver repinted his bargain."

"I should think not," I responded, not relishing the sacrifice of a woman like Mattie upon the altar of masculine selfishness. "Did you love him?" I asked presently.

"Love him! Ochone! Niver. How can ye ask that? Me heart was in the grave wi' me ain laddie. That were the thrue marriage be-

fore God; this was jist a matther o' convanience. Do n't you see?"

"Then you do n't believe in second marriages?"

"Not whin the heart finds its mate in the first. There's mony a wedding o' souls that niver is known on earth, an' they are the thrue marriages accordin' to my thinking; but thousands and thousands are living to-day like Pathrick and me did, married by the laws o' the laud, but niver mated in hiven. The thrue love cooms but once, shure."

"How long did Patrick live?"

"I canna say. He's living yet, for all I know. It was Catherine Murphy, an' a rale beauty she was, an' a bould girl as well, that come between us. Ye'll mind that Pat, like mony anither, liked to brag o' his riches. Nothing could bate his big notions, an' he aired them ivery-where. And Kate Murphy belaved it were all Scripture. Thin she were taken with his perliteness and his fine clothes, so she kept hanging aboot the place till she wiled him away. She was soon tired o' him, for the money gave out, an' she would not work for herself, lettin' alone working for him. So he came back to me."

"Mattie! You did not take him again," I remonstrated.

"No," said Mattie, slowly. "I'm not clare now whether it were me duty; but I tould him plainly that it were all over. I used to see him on the street, looking shabby and miserable enough, and twice he was beastly drunk. He was poor enough to have roused me pity for him; but I knew he could work, an' I niver took him home. You see the love in me heart was wanting, and that made all the difference in the world."

"What did you do next? Live alone?"

"Well I got me fine character as a laundress from some o' the first city ladies, and thin I sold out me furniture and came here. I always prospered. I expected to. Pable build oop their own hinderances, I take it. I was coomfortable till me hands give out, but they're getting well again, ma'am."

This was a standing fiction which Mattie had persisted in believing from the commencement of her illness, and no one disputed the point with her.

"I'll soon be able to look out for meself," said Mattie, brightly. "God knows what is best. I'm contint to lave it wi' him. At the worst it is only the alms-house, an' that is fine living in America."

"We shall not let you try it," I said.

Mattie laughed cheerfully. "It were sinful

to fret aboot it, ma'am. So as the good God has kept me all me days I'll not doubt him now. He'll lead me gently down the few more steps to the bottom of the hill. I'm contint."

I am afraid I envied Mattie. The little close room, the scanty furniture, the lack of future provision, the painful, swollen hands, the desolate old age, were all glorified by her simple trust in God.

I had left her and blundered my way down to the ground floor, when a door suddenly opened and I saw "big Kathleen," the largest and strongest Irish woman that I ever saw, in the act of disciplining her husband, who had come home drunk. I saluted her, but she was too angry to respond to my greeting.

"I'll tache yees, ye ould hound, to coom home like a baste to yer supper."

Kathleen shook him up and down as if he were scarcely a feather's weight in her hands.

"It's a faste ye'll be losing, alannah."

He was just drunk enough to be contrary, so he staggered to the table and began to help himself in spite of her. I glanced at the "faste." There were boiled potatoes mashed with their jackets on and saturated with sour milk. But the offending husband was not destined to partake of it, for "big Kathleen," irritated beyond endurance by his unexpected opposition, seized him by his coat collar and the waistband of his trowsers and actually pitched him head foremost over the stairs into the open yard below. He was not hurt, Irishmen seldom are, though the fall partially sobered him.

"Thry it again, Mike," called his wife from above. "Coom, lad, there's plinty more, an ye like it. It's free as hiven's braazes for yees."

Mike showed no disposition to avail himself of the offered provision, but sat on the ground stupidly staring about him. A number of people were grouped upon the lower landing, attracted by the noise, and Kathleen's prowess was applauded uproariously. I was glad to get out into the quiet street and hasten homeward.

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Too many persons seem to use their religion as a diver does his bell, to venture down into the depths of worldliness with safety, and there grope for pearls with just so much of heaven's air as will keep them from suffocating and no more; and some, alas! as at times is the case with divers, are suffocated in the experiment.

## WAITING IN CHURCH.

BY MRS. MINERVA DYE.

HERE I am, twenty minutes ahead of time; but I can afford to wait, for the day is beautiful, and I have had such an invigorating walk through the fields and woods. The bracing air, the rustling leaves at my feet, and the sound of the November winds in the high old tree-tops mingled their influences and moved my heart in sympathy with Nature's worship to her God. His greatness and goodness seemed to breathe and speak from his works, and as I passed into the more public road leading to the Church I felt that I had that day worshiped in one temple at least.

There were but a small number present, some children and a few others who, like myself, had been tempted by the beauty of the day. But the greater part of the worshippers were still intent on the anxious duties of the toilet. Father Stone perused his hymn-book, while Willie, his little grandchild, flitted like a sunbeam among the pews and up the aisles. He is a very pretty child, with fair, innocent brow, and playful as a fawn. His tread is light and breezy, and you would know he lived in an atmosphere of smiles and kindness, for there is not a shade of distrust or care in look or movement. What shall be thy future, little one? The parted lips, gentle eyes, and sensitive mouth say that the ways of circumstances shall not leave thee unchanged. Wilt thou ever drift from the tender arms now circling thee? What wilt thou be when the discipline of life has tried and scourged thy soul? God grant some strong, true heart may take thee under shelter, that the rougher winds may have spent their force before they reach thy gentle craft.

Two little girls came in and took the seat before me; one with shy brown eyes and demure look marched straight to the pew without looking up. The other had a noble brow, and as her clear eyes met your own you could trace a certain look of reliance there which made you install her at once protector-in-chief to the other. My interest and sympathy were immediately engaged. Offering the youngest an apple she refused it soberly, leaving me to suppose she did not care for my friendly advances, till a funny, patronizing glance from her sister satisfied me she was only timid, and dared not take the gift from a stranger. She noticed the look; for a faint color of pride tinged her cheek for a moment, as if afraid of being thought a coward. Something in look

or gesture called up my own history, for I was in a susceptible mood that Sabbath morning. Did I not remember how my own dear, brave, venturesome sister Mattie had alternately led, teased, and coaxed me over the rough ways of childhood's journey? How well I remember the time she tried to persuade me to jump from a projection in a straw-stack to a soft bed of straw that the hay-knife had cut away! The distance was three feet, but appeared like an enormous depth to me at the time. Mattie had made up her mind to give me a lesson in bravery, so she would run and jump for example, then coax, and encourage, and even command me to do the same; but as my feet neared the edge I would draw back and shrink away repeatedly. She talked and reasoned till I would think I *will* and *can* jump, but every time the spirit of cowardice would seize me and cause me to draw back, till she flew to the house in a fit of vexation at her failure to teach me gymnastics. Ashamed of my timidity, I at last summoned courage partly to jump and partly slide from the lowest edge of the stack. Running to console Mattie with the feat, I found her good-humor mostly restored, though I could see she still had doubts of my prowess. I think I must have made some progress after that, for I well recollect riding over a plowed field at break-neck speed, sister Mattie for carriage-horse, on a part of an uprooted stump, whose long roots answered well the place of fills. But as a general thing I was a serious child, asking queer questions, and rather dull at catching the ways of the world, but much given to reflection upon whatever impressions I chanced to get of this big world. But how I ever could have made my way even as well as I have in this take-care-of-number-one world without the inspiration of just such a vigorous, self-reliant spirit as Mattie I do not know.

But where am I wandering? During my musings the people had nearly gathered, and the minister ascended the desk, though I could only see one of his coat-sleeves, for a black bonnet on a tall wearer rose dark and towering before me, shaking its fiery plumes, and revealing from its inner edge the petals of a huge double peony. A glance around revealed enormous ostrich-feathers bristling in warlike array above the foreheads of those I had supposed peaceable members of community. Snails, coiling worms, and various reptiles flourished on lace and velvet backgrounds, somewhat mystifying the mind of the beholder, leaving him in doubt whether he were viewing a museum of stuffed birds or perusing a volume



of "animated nature illustrated." "O, frailty, thy name is woman!" There! I never quoted that before, at least never since I heard it from a certain college professor giving a morning lecture to the female members of his charge. But I must own the truth Shakspeare so long ago asserted, sorry fact that it is. Woman is frail, else why should she sacrifice taste and fitness to fashion, and fling aside a beautiful article for aught that possesses the aroma of style? I never heard any but a milliner pronounce the present style of bonnets becoming. We can just endure them on the fair and comely, but the thin and spare they positively caricature. If you see your puny friends growing darker, sparer, and more elongated than common, just look at the whimsical and lofty head-gear rising above their timid features like an awning and you will know the reason.

But the choir rose to sing, and I forgot my criticisms in the very beautiful hymn,

"The spacious firmament on high;"

and as I watched the stream flowing in view of the church window, and thought of the sublime worship of stars and suns, my heart said, "Draw near, O power divine, breathe upon our hearts till we forget earth's little nothings and join in the worship thy works have ever offered."

The dignified form and mien of the minister invited the respectful attention of the people as they waited for words of instruction, reproof, and encouragement from his lips. Very clear were his divisions, very correct and well sustained his arguments. Withal, he spoke with positiveness and authority. He pictured the righteous man, holy in life, upright in deed, rejoicing in affliction, triumphant in a martyr's death, and finally enjoying the company of angels and archangels before the throne of God. As he closed his discourse I could not deny that it was "able," nicely proportioned, matched and dovetailed; but there was a kind of a way-off-ness about it that caused a touch of regret to mingle with my homeward thoughts, and a wish that he had come a little nearer Ridgeville, to our homes, hearts, and every-day life. It reminded me of a friend of mine who was troubled and perplexed, not without cause, for her way was thorny enough. At one time, more than usually befogged, she took her bonnet and stepped over to the minister's, thinking a little chat with him might clear up her mist. She found him communicative and anxious to read to her the skeleton of an essay, the subject, "Civilization Among the Antediluvians," and ghostly and murky enough it

was. He next regaled her with an hour's reading from Josephus, and as she rose to go wanted to have her hear just one page from Watson's Institutes. Finally, offering her "Burnet on the Thirty-Nine Articles" for fireside reading, he allowed her to depart.

"How at the minister's?" said I.

"O, I found him on Mount Chimborazo," said she, "and I ran away to escape a plan for the future occupation of the Antarctic continent as a missionary field."

"You ought to have opened your mind."

"It was taken up with subjects of such vastness there was no room for poor me."

True enough, thought I, and if our ministers in the pulpit would be a little less intent on presenting their library preparations in comely shape, crumbs of comfort might be thrown to asking hearts, and tried and weary ones be taught to rest in sweet and holy trust.

But let me call home my wayward thoughts, nor essay to rebuke or instruct those of a higher calling. The Sabbath has closed in beauty; the golden gates of day are shut; night closes in, while in the old highway of the east the moon is lighting up the scene.

#### A TYPE OF THE TIMES.

BY M. L. SCUDDER, JR.

THEODORE WINTHROP was not a model to young America, but he was one of the first specimens of American young men which this war brought before the world. The class to which he belonged, and of which fortune made him an exponent, are to rule this continent. Among them he might never have been a leader. He was too unambitious to be a great man and too modest to be a conspicuous one; but events brought to him the fame he never would have pursued. That long before Great Bethel on which he stood in the sight of the enemy and his own troops encouraging his men, and from which he fell, was to him a pedestal on which the eyes of a nation see him yet. The bullet which silenced his order and caused his sword to drop acted as a magician's charm to bring out the formerly unobserved principles of his life into colored letters seen by all men. His generation read them and gave him a place among its honored dead. Since that first skirmish there have thousands fallen on battle-fields, or wasted in rebel prisons, or died on hospital cots who, had they stood in Winthrop's place, might have had his

halo around their names. But he was favored in being the first sacrifice.

What there was in his character which distinguished him from other men has been many times set forth. He was cheerful; that was a disposition which made him beloved. He was retiring; that made him respected. He was humble in his estimation of his own performances; this gave him self-respect. He was endowed with talents; they made him self-reliant. He had received an education; that made him influential. But these are only personal qualities, valuable and dear in the memory of friends, but of passing interest to the public.

His novels—wonderful performances, wonderfully concealed—have great literary merit. But their success is not altogether due to the critic's approbation. There is an American spirit in them which has never been breathed in words before. There is a glimpse at the future life of this nation. Reading John Brent is like taking a draught of nitrous oxyd. It makes the heart beat quicker, the lungs swell larger, and the brain expand with a brilliant vision of the coming time. In Don Fulano's gallop it is not altogether the feat of horsemanship which absorbs us. We have read of similar rides in old chivalric times. But it is the prairie air which we are conscious of, the freedom which we recognize, of which we have boasted and long expect to boast. The walls of Liggernall Alley have other attractions besides their picturesque ruggedness. We feel as we read of them that such rocks and scenes are educating the race which shall make this a nation, the burden of whose poetry shall be truth, and the object of whose efforts shall be righteousness. The magnificent death of the noble Don Fulano brings in direct contrast the two opposing elements which are now disputing the sovereignty of the Republic. On the one side is the slave-driver, with his arrogance, ignorance, and evil passions. On the other side are those on whom the implanted theories of liberty have been confirmed by experience into brave and enlightened manhood. These are just the characters which are meeting now in the war, to which Winthrop was so eager to give his life.

The sparkle of Winthrop's sentences will delight many readers, the brilliant originality of his figures will please many scholars, but his faithfulness in embodying the ideas in which he trusted will be considered his crowning excellence. His peculiar features and manners are only remembered by his old associates, and his kind looks and habitual expressions

will be cherished by those who knew him well. But his principles of pure morals, his obedience to duty in doing right where he dared to think it, his submission to God's law independently of man's dogmas, and his enthusiastic devotion to the cause which he espoused shall not be forgotten by this nation till they become national characteristics.

The people who would be prosperous must be upright. Corrupt morals have been the curse which has brought every ruined nation in history to its dissolution. Purity and honesty can only be cultivated by individuals, and, working through the minority, grow by inherent strength to a majority influence. Winthrop was one of Nature's minority men. His mind was trained to perceive truth far off, and he prophesied and acted up to his faith; the less enlightened walked in the old ways and sneered at the unseen vision. But to the long sight he added the steady nerve. He could not only see more of the future than the unlearned, but he could work toward the consummation without faltering. In this he illustrates the spirit of this nation. It is a truth which makes monarchies tremble, that in our short existence we have made more progress in morality than many generations have accomplished under the old regime. Whether we regard private vices or national sins, we have thrown off more of the weight of iniquity which has always oppressed mankind than any previous hundred years of history.

Look back to the time of the Georges. In England gambling was a social amusement, and drunkenness and debauchery a common pastime. Dr. Johnson, who was considered a great moralist, insisted that fornication was no sufficient reason for refusing to ordain a clergyman, and main'tained that dueling was necessary to secure the good manners of a community. They were called wits who perpetrated the most heartless practical jokes. Conversation was tainted with indelicacies, and the popular novels of those days can not now be read in polite company. America copied the mother country, and was even worse in many respects. By some influence, whatever it is, the free preaching which has made religion a reality, or the free thinking and free governing which has made man believe himself a responsible being, the world has wonderfully improved since the Fourth of July became our historic day. Then young lords and dukes set the fashion by riotous living; now we have for examples such young men as Winthrop, temperate and regular in their habits and thoughtful in their manners.

In spite of heavy votes against Maine Laws and general disgust at pledges of total abstinence there is a prejudice against habitual liquor-drinking in every community. The army during the past three years has undoubtedly done much to diffuse the custom of whisky rations in the social commissariat; but the old ante-war abhorrence still prevails, and while many excuse the soldier for preferring bad rum to impure water, they are unwilling to adopt his choice, as they are not placed in his circumstances. The decanter will never again become a necessary presence at every meal.

But not only in this special meaning of the word temperate was Winthrop an example of the growing class of American young men. With the calm spirit of a philosopher he avoided all excess of indulgence. He learned the reasons of his living, and found that breathing pure air was the greatest blessing man could enjoy. He avoided the close rooms of city amusements, and for recreation walked the fields. He climbed Katahdin and traversed the woods of Oregon. He learned purity from nature on her mountain-tops and carried it with him in his intercourse with men. He read the lesson of temperance in the clouds and winds of the wilderness, and, walking amid the so-called pleasures of civilization, felt not a temptation. In this he was more than a type of the present generation. He was a pattern for this age and the next to imitate.

There is no room for doubting that the world is growing better, and most of all in the strong light of history and antecedents the shadow of a doubt can not be thrown upon the improving qualities of the Yankee American race. This nation is working upon new principles of regeneration. The old world teachers say, "Do as we tell you, be impressed by the general truth that all mankind are involved in evil ways and inclined to evil ideas, then follow our instructions, who are mere men like yourselves." But the doctrine of this new land is, "all men are created free and equal, and each man by the guidance of freedom and his own conscience may interpret for himself God's free truth." In the dark shadow of thrones, and dazzled by the glitter of scepters, those crawl hardly perceptibly toward the blessings which human hope never forgets. Restrained only by the limit to natural faculties, these press on to the same desired goal. Those have only just found the knowledge of what freedom may be, and have but now shown some sign of the resolution necessary to obtain it. These are already deep in the study

of the wisdom which is required to perpetuate that freedom.

Winthrop and those like him are the pioneers in progress. An example of a self-governed man, he knew the strength of science and will combined, and had a deep faith in man's fitness for enlightened liberty. He worked this belief through in his life. Not as if he supposed himself appointed for a special mission, nor as an apostle of any creed, however holy, did he advocate his conclusions. The chief teachers and martyrs of a righteous doctrine must ever be few, and they can not be taken as types of society. Winthrop as a practical performer, whose office was not to stand on the street corners proclaiming his Gospel, but to move in a business orbit and influence almost unintentionally those who moved around him, acted out his character of a representative man. He was imbued with the idea of independence by birth and by education. It was a second nature to him, and much more of an Israelite indeed than one who learned the sentiment on foreign shores, instinctively he diffused it wherever his eye glanced or his voice was heard. His correct mind could not lead him to wrong conclusions on this subject. He abhorred slavery because it was contrary to his morality; but he endured in inactivity the recital of its wrongs till it brought forth rebellion. Then, when the hostile offspring compelled him to draw his sword, he declared for extermination also against the parent sin. He embraced the opportunity to volunteer, as if he saw the central idea of his life first becoming tangible. He worked through the few months of his service with an activity which showed no doubt of his confidence in the rectitude of his principles. While in his military character, he always united the rebellion and slavery under one and the same head. He struck at both equally. He, as General Butler's aid, labored unceasingly to plan victory over the enemy, and he did not hesitate, when the thought presented itself, to arm the first negro who was made serviceable to the cause. Winthrop decided in advance the vexed question which has horrified politicians and caused legislators to sit in darkness. He followed his instinct of justice. He acted from a generous impulse and with a practical sense of the fitness of things which rendered arguments nugatory. How he would have exulted could he have seen the brigades of newly-made freemen which now muster under the flag, each a soldier in all points of law and equipment, trained to use his rifle for a cause in which his heart is enlisted!

Winthrop in innate sense of freedom was an exponent of America's present generation. No man can be born and educated in the midst of these northern privileges, of tolerance, politics, and religion but he will carry in his manners and habitual thoughts an undefined belief in the nobility of human nature. He will even trust a stranger quicker with his property than will a dweller under despotic rule. Let him be placed in contact with one who has lived a life of servitude, and his first instinct will be to treat him as a man. This is what Winthrop did, and perhaps this may account for the unpropheied success of our colored soldiery. Their old masters said "they will not fight," and to-day in their last dire necessity they still think so. But we organized them, treated them as human beings, whose independence was given by nature, and, proud of their trust, they marched up to the bayonets of Port Hudson like brave freemen as they were. The Southerners were astonished. It is an experiment they dare not try and can not succeed in. They do n't know the vitality and magnetism of free air. And we have not yet learned the full potency of this free spirit. A full breath of it among the common people of Europe would be an earthquake under the thrones of proud dynasties. The few imperfect gasps which the Frenchman took last century produced a tottering among the pillars of power which is now felt in its unsubsidized tremors through that continent. That was but an infantile effort. But the childishness of the 21st of January, 1793, has been redeemed and overshadowed by the manliness of the 8th of November, 1864. It was the same natural love of freedom which, forced into the brain of Marat, made him a madman, and which inborn and growing up into the life of Winthrop, made him an unconscious hero. Its sudden admission swelled the narrow heads of the subjects of tyranny till they became ungovernable fanatics; but its constant presence has gradually enlarged the judgment and charity of this American people so that, however they may talk, they act like wise men.

There was also another quality which Winthrop possessed which is somewhat a national characteristic. It was his enthusiasm. This sometimes supplies the place of training. The man who puts his soul into his work will often make a better fight than he who is spiritless but skillful. When science and enthusiasm combine their possessor acts with double force. He knows where to strike, and he does it with a will. There is no nation but our own which unites these motive powers in their general

mode of action. The English approach nearest to it. But the Oxford graduate will debate a question of metaphysics and a question of loyalty with equal coolness. His logic will be faultless and his words well chosen, but the close-fisted gesture which urges home conviction will be wanting. The British tar who goes into an engagement with a hurrah and fights with well-managed artillery is the superior of nearly all the world. But somehow, from the days of the *Guerriere* to the days of the *Alabama*, he has sailed with lowered flag in presence of the courage and ability of the American seaman. Whichever people shall prove themselves able to assume and maintain the proud position of the first nation of the earth must, if Nature's laws hold good, bring the greatest vigor of mind and nerve to the task of gaining such a place. The future is to be no elbowing struggle among the races. The one which proves itself greatest in the virtue which comprehends every thing manly and good will rise as the palm-tree rises to its natural height, and feel no instability because it can look down upon those it has left behind. If we would attain this eminence we must have this inherent strength. The kingdoms of Europe, with their royal societies and academies, their knighted philosophers and pensioned literati, will develop abstract principles and sciences, so that we can surpass them with difficulty. But when it comes to the willing work which brings practice out of theory, when the inspiration is looked for which turns beautiful ideas into magnificent forces, then breathing in enthusiasm from the genius of our free institutions, we shall far outstrip the toilers in the rarefied air of despotism.

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THE caterpillar can have no consciousness of the brilliancy of its future being. We are masters of the earth, but perhaps we are the slaves of some great and unknown beings. The fly that we crush with our finger or feed with our viands has no knowledge of man and no consciousness of his superiority. We suppose that we are acquainted with matter and all its elements, yet we can not even guess at the cause of electricity, or explain the laws of the formation of the stones that fall from meteors. There may be thinking beings, near or surrounding us, which we do not perceive. We know very little; but in my opinion we know enough to hope for the immortality, the individual immortality of the better part of man.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*



## NEARER AND CLOSER STILL TO THEE.

BY M. JANE SHADDUCK.

TWO friends met in the cars. We were having a very quiet time, my new-made acquaintance and I. There were only two of us in the car, but the train halted at a country station, and a pale, interesting woman stepped on board. Then I saw that two friends had met. The lady had evidently been long absent from the scenes that witnessed her girlhood's sports and joys. Among the numerous friends after whose welfare she inquired was one whom she called "little Annie"—Annie Clayville.

"Annie! So you remember her, do you?"

"Yes, I remember the sweet child well. We have read and played together many an hour. She used to sing a little song with thrilling sweetness—'Nearer and closer still to Thee.' When she came to the repetition of those words the desire of her soul would burst through them, telling plainly that she meant what she asked in her song."

"It seems strange and yet beautiful to know that you remember that little hymn of hers. Those words have rung in my soul and followed me like a monitor of good for these years. Yes, Annie was early and earnestly one of Christ's followers. She was about ten years old when you left, I think."

"I think she was."

"And you have been gone twelve years."

"Twelve years I have dwelt in far-off lands."

"Long enough for a life to blossom and fade. Annie changed from a fair child to a sweet, intelligent woman, just as your Italian morning brightens into the pure glory of day. Self seemed to be swallowed up in the will and pleasure of her chosen King. 'T was the study of her life to do good, and that of her husband also."

"She is married then. To whom?"

"Robert Fairfield. He was a manly boy when you left."

"I remember him—a bright lad of sixteen, designed by his parents for the rostrum."

"Yes, and designed of God for the ministry. He experienced religion soon after you left, and at the age of twenty-two he went about his Master's work as teacher of the Gospel. It seemed as though the bright wings of the seraphim enveloped the boy, and the radiance of our glorious morning star filled that fleshly temple of the Lord as the felt presence of Jehovah dwelt "within the veil" at the holy temple of Jerusalem. God blessed his labors

abundantly with good, and Annie was a helpmeet for him. I was with her the day before her marriage, and remarked the changing flush and paleness of her countenance and the deep, tremulous joy that thrilled her being. How well I remember the evening of that day! The gold of the Autumn sunset had changed to fire, and the fire had faded to the gray of twilight; every arrangement for the marriage was complete, and I sat alone gazing westward, breathing prayers for the future of my young friends. Annie came softly into the room, threw her arms across my lap, and sank down beside me, just as she used to years before when she had some little childish joy or grief to pour into the ears of her older school-mate, and, as she termed me, 'her sister.'

"O," said she, 'I am happy—so happy. God allowed me to dwell in the brightness of his love and gave me the peace that passeth understanding, then added to my life this indescribable light. I pray that Jesus will enable us to keep ourselves from idols.'

"Then her voice changed to one of supplication, and while I kneeled beside her she again prayed the prayer of her young life—"Nearer and closer still to Thee.' Ah, the mysteries of life and death! I heard her breathe that prayer scarce a year ago under such different circumstances. The great storm-cloud of sorrow seemed to press so close about her as almost to shut out the light of God.

"T was night this time, and she was kneeling again—kneeling by the cold clay of her dead husband. She seemed stunned and bewildered by the crushing suddenness of the blow. Robert had brought her home that she might visit her parents during his stay at Conference. While returning the Master called suddenly for his own. A railroad accident, a collision, occurred in which three men were killed and several persons wounded. Robert Fairfield was no more upon the earth, and the shattered casket, the broken golden bowl, was all the poor wife could in that moment of darkness discern.

"T was hard for her to have the glory of her earthly existence so suddenly stricken down, and bowed there she repeated, 'Whither dost thou lead me Lord, whither dost thou lead me? See, I can not stand or go alone.' Then her mother's arm was about her, and her low voice whispered God's beautiful promises in her ear—"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee. Though thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame be kindled

upon thee.' And 'for a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercy will I gather thee.' And 'with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee.'

"O, my dear Harriet, I found once that 't was full hard when the Lord had taken away to say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." But Annie repeated those words when her mother ceased, slowly, tremblingly, and as though she dwelt upon the full meaning of every word, expecting to give an account of her sincerity at the day of judgment. Then she added, 'E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me, bring me closer and nearer still to Thee.'

"Robert Fairfield's was one of the finest and most promising minds it has ever been my lot to know. A character like his, so strong, so steady of purpose, so firm in its adherence to the right, so determined in its pursuit of good, is not often found among the sons of men. He was not obstinate or self-willed, but where a sense of duty prompted he was strong. All fleshly fear seemed taken from his soul, and, loving and fearing God, he served him.

"How gladly we would have kept him with us! but God's ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts. I have now been gone from home about six months, and some three weeks ago the mother of Mrs. Fairfield wrote me that Annie had also gone to dwell in the presence of Him who is the light of paradise. She said when earth's shadows were lengthening about the dying one, and over her earth's night was drawing darkly down, heaven's light was bright above her, and she beheld her 'morning star.' Lifting her hand heavenward, she said, 'Reaper, gather quickly—the last ripe hours of my life—Jesus—now—forever closer—nearer now—to Thee.' So those words follow me like some bright spirit of good pleading with me ever to walk aright, bringing often, often the memory of those angel ones, 'The influence of the good shall live after them.'"

#### THE SECRET CEMETERY.

BY MRS. E. L. BICKNELL.

In the centuries of the world not a mortal has passed a score of years who has not cherished and seen perish some hope, which was mourned in secret, and which gave hue to the future coloring of his life.

BROWN o'er graves the grass is lying,  
Caverns which no spade of steel  
Hallowed for the dead or dying—  
Tombs no sexton may reveal.

Only one—an angel, keeping  
With a book the hopes inurned,  
Knowing well the anguish creeping  
In each breast that hither turned.

One dim record, traced in sorrow  
For a bride, who brought a corpse  
Of the faithless, life might borrow  
Smiles to cheat—woe's last resource.

Kindly did the angel meet her,  
Shrouded her dead hope alone;  
Mem'ry knew no treasure sweeter,  
Ling'ring in that darkened home.

One brought love by lip unspoken,  
Golden dreams in ruins wrought;  
Timid maiden, heart all broken,  
Altar fires had burned for naught.

Silently this knowledge laying  
Where the sacred trust would be  
Guarded by the angel, straying  
Through the shadows none might see.

Once a pall, with two blind bearers,  
Bore a casket through the gate;  
Tearless, dumb, they had been sharers  
Of the wine of love and hate.

Stealing through the twilight hazes,  
Bearing broken idols on,  
Came a poet, in sweet phrases  
Craving flowers "his tomb" upon.

"Nay," the sexton angels answer,  
"Flowers deck not a tomb so drear;  
If thou mournest thy dead, romancer,  
Leave them then in silence here."

Came there in a storm-swept spirit,  
With a harp of broken chords,  
Dead to joy, or praise, or merit,  
Tuneful rhythms in all his words.

He the unstrung lyre would bury,  
Nevermore to wake a strain,  
Glad to bide the woe whose very  
Echoes brought to him but pain.

Worshippers of ancient sages,  
Strivers for immortal name,  
Searchers through the lore of ages,  
Minds ablaze with song-lit flame,

All had shrines this turf hath hidden;  
Failures mar each human plan;  
Grief e'er came a guest unbidden;  
Hopes die—man ne'er breathed to man.

Records in the book have nearly  
Covered to the final page  
Treasures guarded, till the weary  
Angel hath a look of age.

Hopes in Christ, sure and abiding  
Offer solace to the heart  
Weeping by this gate, dividing  
Unseen graves from earth apart.

## The Children's Repository.

### BESSIE'S MOSS PICTURE.

BY MRS. W. M'CONAUGHTY.

LITTLE BESSIE was never well. She would not run about and play like the other little girls she knew, but sat all day in her old-fashioned rocking-chair, cushioned as comfortably as her mother could do it. She had a table before her which was placed beside a pleasant sunny window, and the few little toys and comforts she possessed were always within easy reach. She learned to knit and crochet beautifully, and earned a good many pennies in that way for her widowed mother.

A party of little girls were spending an afternoon in rambling through the fine old woods which stretched away south of the village. They were as gay and happy a little company as one would wish to see, and their clear, ringing laugh and bounding steps startled many a little eye-bright flitting about in his leafy nooks. They gathered the few beech-nuts and hickory-nuts which the first frost had scattered, and each filled her little basket with bright-green mosses and the ever-green of the partridge-berry gemmed with its coral beads.

"How nice it would be to carry little Bessie some of these pretty mosses!" said Hetty Baker, a thoughtful, kind-hearted, girl. "She can never run about and have such nice times as we do here in the woods. She does not even know what it is like."

The children entered heartily into the plan and set to work forthwith to collect the emerald treasures.

"O, see what a pretty tuft!" said Mary. "One would think the fairies drank out of these tiny crimson cups. That shall be Bessie's; it's the prettiest I have seen to-day. And here is some tall feathery moss which looks like little pine-trees. Would n't it be nice to arrange all of them in a shallow box with a little rich earth at the bottom? then they would grow and keep fresh a long time if she sprinkled water over them. My cousin used to arrange them beautifully. She cut little bits of chalk out for homes, and made hills and mountains, and woods out of her moss, and little villages out of the chalk homes, and rivers and lakes out of isinglass. Do let us make something of the kind for Bessie."

"I can get a nice cheese-box lid; will that

answer to put them in?" said little Katy Payne.

"The very thing, Katy-did," said Charlotte. "Now, your home is so near, darling, do n't you think you could run and get it and let us arrange the moss out here beside this little brook? It is so pleasant, and we are all together. One of the big girls will go with you."

Little Katy-did's tiny feet were quickly dancing over the soft turf of the shady lane with Lucy Andrews by her side, both glad to have any commission that would help to make another happier. In ten minutes' time they were back again, and a company of busy bees gathered in eager consultation over the important business of the hour. First of all the rich black mold was chosen and spread over the bottom of the box an inch deep; then followed a great deal of planning and discussing about the best method of arranging the miniature garden.

"Do n't you think after all," said Lucy Strong, "that we had better lay in the prettiest mosses nicely and take them to Bessie, and let her fix them up for herself? It would give her something pleasant to do, and the days are so long to her. She told me so when I took my last Museum down for her to read."

"I think Lucy is right," said Charlotte. "It would give her more pleasure, and one that would last longer. I could make a little sketch of such a moss-garden as I saw once and she could get the idea from that. We will take her a box of this white sand and a handful or two of the tiniest pebbles we can find by the brook to make her paths of. I will tell her all I know about it, and she is so good a hand at contriving I know she will make it look beautiful."

How pleased little Bessie was when the girls stopped at the cottage with their burden and deposited it on her table! How cheering to eyes which saw so little of the beautiful earth were these bright-green mosses, so soft and velvet-like! She felt that she should never grow tired of looking them over and watching their growth. But when Charlotte sat down and told her about the little fairy-garden she once saw, and gave her directions about laying out her small plat of ground in a similar manner, she was in a fever of excitement to begin that very evening.

"I will make a little picture like the one I saw and bring it to you to-morrow, Bessie; and I can get some nice pieces of mica at the stoneman's."

Bessie thanked them all from the depths of

her little lonely heart. It was so sweet to be remembered by strong, healthy girls, who could run about and had so much to occupy their time and thoughts. Did you ever think what a pleasure such little attentions give to the feeble, to little children, and to old people? Do not be sparing of them as you go through the world when they are so easy to give.

Bright and early the next morning Bessie set herself to work at her pleasant task. Lottie had been as good as her word, and brought her the little pencil-sketch, quite neatly executed, and some thin plates of mica and a few little silvery shells. She showed her how the mica could be divided and subdivided and cut into any shape with the scissors. How much disappointment might have resulted from the little girl's failure to keep her promise! So many children I have known are forgetful of such things. Indeed, they get in the habit of it, so that those who are acquainted with them learn to place little reliance on their word.

"I will begin with this left-hand corner," said Bessie, "just as I do in drawing; then my hand will not injure the work as I go along. Let me see, mother, would n't you put a forest of three tall mosses in that corner?" and she pointed to the north-west section of her little circular box.

Mother looked up from the work she was basting together and pleasantly approved of her plan. She had a dear, loving mother, who always delighted in seeing her child happy. It always doubled her pleasure to have them shared by such a sympathizing heart. It is very true that "it takes two pair of eyes to see any thing to advantage."

So the forest was carefully set out, and a little row of hills or mountains were raised to join on to it. Brother Lewie cracked up some white pebbles and various darker ones till he got some straight, smooth edges which Bessie took much time in arranging into cliffs and precipices, putting tiny tufts of moss about among them, giving them a very beautiful appearance. Here was a little village which she proposed to lay out at her leisure—she would finish the ground-plan first. A pretty river wound along through the center of the little landscape, the base being fine white sand, and the thin plates of mica laid upon it making a very good representation of water. The bed of the river was lower than the rest of the ground, and the banks were gently sloping and emerald green except where a shining broken pebble made a perilous-looking cliff.

"I'll cut out a little boat and rig you a

little schooner for that river," said Lewie as he looked on the work with great delight on his return from school. "It's the prettiest picture I ever saw in my life," he added, "because it is a *real* picture."

Bessie's eyes sparkled with pleasure to have her work so well appreciated. How much happier she felt than she would if some rough brother had spoken slightly of what so warmly interested her! We can not be too careful in our handling of these delicate fabrics of the human heart. Just such little things as these determine the difference between the rude and low and the refined and cultivated. With which would you rather be classed?

In the foreground of Bessie's picture was a tiny lake, and around it she planted the tallest of her mosses and arranged them to bend over the water. "On the hill" above it was the gentleman's villa with a lawn of the softest velvet sloping down to the water's edge. Back of it was a little park, and a row of pebbles formed the garden fence. The home itself was the work of time and patience. Mother's ready scissors and skillful needle were employed in cutting it out of white card-board and setting it firmly together. A little addition from Lottie's box of water-colors made a very elegant affair of it."

"Let us make a water-fall here in the river if we can," said Bessie. "O, would n't that be lovely!"

So she went to work patiently experimenting over it till she had it fixed pretty much to her mind. She was constantly making improvements and additions to her work, and it proved a more powerful panacea for her pain than any of the doctor's medicines.

"Just what she needed," said the good physician kindly as he laid his hand on her head after praising warmly her handiwork; "something to interest her mind and take it off from herself. It is better than medicine. I shall look forward to the day when you can skip about and gather the mosses for yourself, little Bessie. I think you have gained in strength considerably this Fall."

It was delightful to hear him speak so encouragingly, and Bessie's gentle blue eyes thanked him most feelingly. People came from far and near to look at and admire Bessie's picture, and many were the little comforts and conveniences which found their way to the poor cottage that Winter. People had known and thought but little of the unobtrusive widow who was working so hard to maintain comfortably her two fatherless children. One kind-hearted old lady, who was passionately fond of



flowers, fell quite in love with little Bessie and her pretty moss landscape. She set up one herself on a large scale, and had all the little school-girls out collecting her mosses for her, giving them a fine tea-party in return for it. A basket of the choicest delicacies were sent to little Bessie, as she was not well enough to join with them. It was not every day she eat such delicate rolls and sponge-cake, such delicious honey and amber and crimson jellies, with substantial chicken and oysters. Lewie and she had often sat down to a supper of potatoes and salt and never thought of complaining, because they knew it was the best their mother could afford. The old lady did not rest till she had procured for Bessie one of the easiest cushioned wheeled chairs that could be got for money, and a blessing indeed it proved to the little girl. Half her helplessness seemed gone, now she could go about the rooms and help herself when she wished for any thing.

When the long Winter days came the little garden was a double pleasure. There was no green thing to be seen, and it was so delightful to have this spot of verdure to rest the eye upon. It always spoke to Bessie's heart of the love of our Heavenly Father in providing such a beautiful covering for the earth, and in caring for every tiny spear and tuft.

"Poor Mungo Park's heart was wonderfully cheered by a little tuft of such moss as this once on a lonely African wild," said her mother as she sat busily stitching. "He had just given up in despair, and felt that there was no way out of the terrible position in which he was placed. He must fall a victim to savage beasts, or still more savage men. Just at that moment his eye fell on a speck of blooming moss no larger than the end of his finger, yet its beauty and vigor made a deep impression on his mind. 'Will God take such care of a little plant away here in this wilderness and will he forget me?' he thought. From that moment he took courage and started bravely forward once more, and he found that his faith was not doomed to disappointment."

"Are mosses of any use, mother?" asked Bessie, as she busied herself with a crochet-needle over a dainty collar from "grandma Lacy."

"Yes, my dear, every thing is of use that God has made, though we can not always tell what. The soft green moss flourishes best in the Winter, and no doubt cover up warm and snug ten thousand little germs and roots of vegetable life which come forth with the Spring-time in new beauty. Then there are many

mosses which spring up on bare old rocks where only a moss could find any food. As the years roll on the little moss dies and molds away, and thus a base of soil is formed in which some hardier plants can thrive. And so as time moves on the once bald rock is covered with verdure. Away in Ireland the swamp-mosses have grown and decayed for centuries, till they have formed regular mines of fuel for the poor people. A great many hearths would be cold through the hard Winters if it were not for these peat beds which God has so kindly provided. The little birds would be quite at a loss for a foundation for their pretty nests if there was not such an abundance of this material always at hand. More important still, I have read that a certain kind of moss is used for beds by the Laplanders, and is quite indispensable to them. Wherever God's creatures are placed, you see, he provides things for their comfort. This little box of mosses, though only so few feet in size, has furnished my little girl with many days and hours of enjoyment. I am sure she can readily appreciate the use that they have been," said mother, as she arose and put away her work preparatory to providing their evening meal. Bessie's eyes and lips spoke back an answering smile as she kissed the loving face which bent above her.

#### THE JOURNEYS WE ARE TAKING.

BY FRANCES LEE.

LITTLE JOHNNY ran in quite out of breath, his face pink and glowing with the cold.

"O, Miss Agnes, you ought to have seen me, and Nelly, and Charley come lickatysplit down the hill all on one sled. I do n't believe the old cars could begin to keep up. And you never saw such a crust as there is; it is strong enough to bear an elephant, I guess; any way it bears Fonto, and he is very heavy for a dog, father says so," said he.

The fact was, Johnny had been coasting down the hill behind Mr. Avery's house with his elder brother and sister, and the cold, getting the better of his manhood and his new boots, had sent him in to warm at Agnes's stove.

"I wish I had a cent, and then I wish a gingerbread cart would go by," said Johnny presently when the red blood was dancing again at the very tips of his fingers and toes.

Agnes laughed. "Would n't bread and butter do as well?" she said, bringing him a slice.

"Thank you," said Johnny, bowing something like a duck. "I did n't ask for any thing, did I? Mother says it is not polite."

Agnes laughed again, telling him, "O, no, indeed." Then she admired to his entire satisfaction the red tippet and mittens his grandmother sent him at Christmas, and listened with great interest to a story of the wonderful whistle which came to the baby from the same kind soul at the same time.

"It is just as cunning as can be. It looks like a little teenty, tinety mite of a teapot; and you must take and fill it with water and blow in the spout, then it sounds exactly like a canary bird singing; and the baby can whistle it some her ownself," exclaimed Johnny.

When Nelly came in to take him home Agnes was in the midst of Mrs. Sherwood's story of "The Little Woodman and his Dog Caesar." Johnny always asked to hear this delightful story whenever he came to Mr. Avery's, and could, no doubt, have told it himself with tolerable correctness; but it was none the less interesting to him, so he said, "No, I can't go yet, Nelly. Miss Agnes has just got to the place where four ways met in the forest, and I want to hear how Caesar gnawed his rope and ran after William, and how he came to his grandmother's house, and a pleasant voice cried, 'Come in.'"

Nelly also was quite willing to hear the story out, and even then was in no haste to go.

"I am really sorry you can't coast and skate, Miss Agnes," said she, earnestly.

"It would be very pleasant if I could, but as I can not, the next best thing is seeing you and the others enjoy them so much," Agnes replied, cheerfully.

"But I should think you would be awful lonesome to have to stay right in this room all the time and not go away any," persisted Nelly, looking around the dull room with a pitiful face.

"I take long journeys every day; I have been a million of miles since yesterday," returned Agnes.

"A million of miles!" Nelly opened both her eyes and mouth, and thought about old stories of witches riding upon broomsticks through the air, for she could not imagine what Agnes meant.

"Is n't a million more than ten?" asked Johnny, seeing there was something to be surprised at. He could count as far as ten with some help.

"O, yes; it is more than a hundred and a thousand. I expect a million would be as many as all the apples in our cellar, would n't

it, Miss Agnes?" replied Nelly, a little afraid she was exaggerating.

But Agnes reassured her. "I do n't think you have a million apples; that would be a great many."

"Is it a million miles to Boston?" asked Johnny, still intent on the pursuit of knowledge.

"O, no, not half, nor quarter so far as that," replied his wise little sister. "But please, Miss Agnes, what do you mean? I always see you right here when I come."

Agnes put her arm around the child and looked into her eyes as she said, "The earth is all the time upon a long, long journey around the sun, and, although it goes more than a million miles every day, the way is so long it is a whole year in getting around."

Nelly pondered for a moment upon the last thought, which has puzzled wiser heads than hers.

"Then what makes every thing look the same as it did yesterday?" asked she.

"Because, my dear, every thing moves with us; even the stars move too; only the sun stays in the same place, but our earth keeps turning over every day, and that makes the sun seem to rise and set when it is all ourselves which move after all."

"That is real queer. I should think we should all get dizzy and fall off," said Nelly. Then she remembered her first question, and repeated it: "But, Miss Agnes, if you have been a million of miles you do n't see any thing new. These are just the same chairs and old clock you have always had to look at."

"Well, I have all these wonderful things to think about, and it is not necessary to keep the mind always in one small room if the body has to stay there."

Nelly went home with her thoughts full of this great discovery, and Johnny counted ten the best he could over and over, asking every time, "Is it a million now?" till at last he got discouraged at hearing Nelly say, "Why, no, it does n't begin," and was quite ready to give up trying, when Fonto came running to meet them with a good-natured kink to his tail and a gruff bark of welcome.

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"MOTHER, what makes sister say such wise things?" Then, without waiting for a reply, the same little voice said, "O, I know, teacher tells us to ask Jesus to give us wise hearts, and Nettie has asked him, and that is the reason she makes such wise speeches."

## THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### The Family Circle.

A BIT OF ADVICE ABOUT DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—The Brooklyn Daily Union furnishes the following:

Happening at a butcher's stall, a customer came to make a purchase.

"What do you ask for a good baking piece of beef?"

"Thirty-eight cents a pound," was the reply.

"Cut me off eleven pounds," said the customer. "I'll come in shortly and settle for it." And he went on an errand.

After the beef was weighed and "trimmed," I said to my friend, the provision-dealer:

"I wish to know, just for the curiosity of the thing, how much that piece of beef has lost in 'trimming.'"

"Very well," replied he, weighing it. "There is nine pounds and a half left."

"And eleven pounds," I added, "at thirty-eight cents a pound, equal to four dollars and eighteen cents. This divided by nine and a half makes just forty-four cents per pound. Rather a tall price for beef, particularly when a large share is bone."

"This man is a fool for buying it," replied the butcher, "but no matter what the cost is, some people will buy it; and generally they are not the richest people in the place, either."

I thought of a certain little woman, the light of my cottage home, who manages things very differently in marketing.

In the matter of beef, for instance, now that prices are exorbitant, she purchases that which is suitable for stuffing, which can be obtained clear of bone, for twelve or fourteen cents per pound. This is her receipt for cooking:

Take a thick slice, no matter how tough, of about two pounds weight; make two gills of stuffing, of crumbs of bread, pepper, powdered clove, or sweet majoram, as you choose; roll the dressing up in a steak; wind a piece of twine around it, taking care to secure the ends. Have ready a kettle, or deep stew-pan, with a slice or two of the pork fried crispy. Take out the pork and lay in the steak, and turn it on every side till brown. Put in half a pint of water, a little salt, cover closely, boil slowly two hours. Add more water after a while, if it becomes too dry. Some persons like the addition of chopped onions; half a small one is enough. When nearly done add half a gill of catsup, if you love it.

When you take up the meat, unwind the string carefully, so as not to unroll it. Lay it in a fricassee dish, thicken the gravy, if not thick enough already, and pour it over the meat. The toughest meat is made tender and nutritious in this way, and it is equally nice heated over and served the next day.

A leg of lamb, or a small leg of mutton, cooked one hour longer in the same manner, makes a good dish.

FAMILY COURTESIES.—In the family the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children; and your children are bound to please each other; and you are bound to please your servants, if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household and no where else. I have known such men. They were good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own house you would have thought that they were angels, almost; but if you had seen them in the street, or in the store, you would have thought them almost demoniac. But the opposite is apt to be the case. When we are among our neighbors, or among strangers, we hold ourselves with self-respect, and endeavor to act with propriety; but when we get home we say to ourselves, "I have played a part long enough, and am now going to be natural." So we sit down, and are ugly and snappish, and blunt and disagreeable. We lay aside those thousand little courtesies that make the roughest floor smooth, that make the hardest things like velvet, and that makes life pleasant. We expend all our politeness in places where it will be profitable—where it will bring silver and gold.

NEATNESS IN DRESS.—We are almost inclined to think that every person, and especially all young persons, should be encouraged and expected to dress themselves with some degree of fresh care during the after part of each day. It may cost a little time—it certainly should not be allowed to cost much—but it will be apt to increase a person's self-respect and that comfortable feeling of being allied and equal to the better part of the social world, which is so desirable for all, and especially for the young. Not long since, a lady whose ideas were thought to be above her circumstances, would insist on all her children dressing for the afternoon neatly though plainly, but never remaining in their morning attire.

To wash, to arrange the hair, and to be always dressed in the afternoon, not for company but for home-life, became a habit of all the young people of that house from childhood, not without some remarks from less painstaking neighbors. At last one of the children, a bright, but rather self-willed girl, remarked, "I think we all feel so much more inclined to be orderly and good when we are dressed for the afternoon." This remark, made casually to the mother, was, she said, an abundant reward for all the extra trouble and care of the arrangement.

It is not expensive, but rather economical than otherwise, to pay this sort of attention to dress. A little extra washing which it may cost is nothing to what is saved by the habitual carefulness not to soil one's clothes. The sloven is the most extravagant, generally speaking, of any one in dress. So also the time that it may take is nothing, compared to the habit of order, of system, and of having time for every thing. It promotes self-respect and pleasant, social feelings. The man, woman, or child, who feels habitually worse dressed than near neighbors, will be apt to shrink from society and behave awkwardly in it.

This will make others shrink from them, and produce a sort of warfare and antagonism most undesirable and sure to check the flow of those benevolent and social feelings which are the source of the purest and best earthly joys, and much of all our usefulness. For all this a person must have no care or pride of wherewithal they are clothed while in company.

There are some would-be philosophers who can not see the reasonableness of all this. Let them watch the effect which the Sunday attire has, especially upon the working portion of society, when parents and children all have time and dress for the Sabbath school, the Church, or the private walk, or the family fireside.

Does not all this produce greater mutual respect among the members of the same family, among neighbors and friends, greater self respect in nearly all, and a quiet contentment and enjoyment of existence, most of all things conducive to order and improvement! Let those families who neglect all such habits be observed, and they will almost uniformly be found disorderly and wasteful of far more than all the cost of attending to such matters.

We have known of authors who have found it necessary to dress before writing their best things, of ministers who must put on a clean shirt in order to write as well as deliver a good sermon, and of orators who felt all the more able to command their audiences for being neatly and exactly dressed. No doubt there are many exceptions to all this. But those who have much to do with public life will have found that success, while not to be attained by fine or expensive clothing of shiny newness, is yet very greatly assisted by a scrupulous neatness, and all that care and cleanliness which makes and assists a proper self-respect.

**OUT AT NIGHT.**—Fathers and mothers, look out for your boys when the shades of evening have gathered around you! Where are they then? Are they at home, at the pleasant, social fireside, or are they running the streets? Are they gaining a street education? If so, take care, the chances of their ruin are many. There is scarcely any thing more destructive to their morals than running about at night. Under cover of darkness they acquire the education of crime; they learn to be rowdyish, if not absolutely vicious; they catch up loose talk, they hear sinful thoughts, they see obscene things, they become reckless and riotous. If you would save them from vulgarity, save them from ruin, save them from prison, see to it that night finds them at home. More than one young man has told the chaplain of the State prison that here was the beginning of his downward course, which finally brought him to the felon's cell. Let parents solemnly ponder

this matter, and do what they can to make home attractive for *all* the children, so attractive that the boys will prefer it to roaming the streets. There is no place like home in more senses than one—certainly no place like home for boys in the evening.

**PRIM PEOPLE.**—"There is a set of people," said Dr. Chalmers, "whom I can not bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though well versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or of cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every question, and gracefulness in every position, not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and the gayety of social intercourse—the frankness that spreads ease and animation—the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy."

**WOMEN AND BOOKS.**—Women ought to study more. Why should a woman as soon as she is married lay aside all her school-books, and give up all idea of further advancement in science? The care of a young family is certainly a great care, but does not a mother do injustice, not only to herself, but to her children, who, by her constant attention to their physical welfare, allows her mind to become so rusty that she can not even assist them in the solution of a simple problem in arithmetic? What woman is there who can not possibly find fifteen minutes in the twenty-four hours, which she can devote to mental improvement? And yet fifteen minutes a day, faithfully employed in methodical study, would do much to keep alive a love of learning, furnish food for reflection when the hands are busy, and material for many a profitable conversation between the mother and her children.

**WHY DOES SHE WEEP FOR HIM?**—In answer to "Still She Keeps Rocking Him."

Why does she weep for him,  
Mourn and lament for him,  
Craving at most  
But a handful of dust?  
Cold, lifeless clay at best,  
Cold on her yearning breast,  
Lost is her treasure,  
But where is her trust?

Let her not cling to him,  
Striving to cling from him  
Death's chilly hand,  
With its firm, frozen hold.  
Death has not made the choice,  
'T is but the Shepherd's voice  
Calling the little lamb  
Back to its fold.

Why, then, go sorrowing,  
All the day borrowing  
Memory's mourning  
And memory's gloom?  
Rather let hope unite  
With faith's celestial light,  
Casting a halo  
Far over his tomb.

MERIBA A. BARCOCK.



## WITTY AND WISE.

**IN FOR THE MARRIAGE COVENANT.**—The Rev. R. R., while preaching to a colored congregation in Nashville, Tennessee, was insisting on the necessity of the observance of the marriage relation, reminding his hearers of their former disregard of that covenant, and excusing them to a great degree, as they were not their own but the property of another. But now it is different—"old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." You are now your own; God holds you personally responsible. After arguing this subject for some time the speaker said, "Finally, brethren and sisters, you must marry." A mulatto woman, sitting just in front of the stand, seeing the point, exclaimed almost at the top of her voice, "Yes! glory to God!" To suppress the risibilities both of speaker and hearers required more than an ordinary effort.

**ASTRONOMICAL PROBLEM.**—A teacher in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his "constituents," came into conversation with an ancient "Varmount" lady, who had taken up her residence in the "backwoods." Of course the school and former teachers came in for criticism; and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked, "Wa'al, master, what do you think he larnt the schollards?" "Could n't say, ma'am. Pray, what did he teach?" "Wa'al, he told 'em that this 'ere airth was round, and went around; and all that sort o' thing. Now, master, what do you think about such stuff? Do n't you think he was an ignorant feller?" Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorant, the teacher evasively remarked, "It really did seem strange, but still there are many learned men who teach these things!" "Wa'al," says she, "if the airth is recound, and goes reound, what holds it up?" "O, these learned men say it goes round the sun, and that the sun holds it up by virtue of the law of attraction." The old lady lowered her "specs," and, by way of climax, responded, "Wa'al, if these high-larnt men sez the sun holds up the airth, I should like to know what holds the airth up when the sun goes down!"

**A BRISK SCOTCH LASSIE.**—At an examination in the case of a farmer in a Scotch court, on his sister entering the box to be examined, the following conversation took place between her and the opposing agent:

"How old are you?" said the lawyer.

"O! weel, sir, I am an unmarried woman, and I dinna think it richt to answer that question."

"O, yes, inform the gentleman how old you are," said the judge.

"Weel a weel, I am fifty."

"Are you no more?"

"Weel, I am sixty."

The inquisitive lawyer still further asked if she had any hopes of getting married, to which Miss Jane replied:

"Weel, sir, I winna surely tell a lie, I hinna lost hope yet." And she scornfully added: "But I widna marry you, for I am sick and tired of your palaver already."

**A CURE FOR JEALOUSY.**—A jealous man, who was on a visit to London, was induced to call on a clair-

voyant to ascertain what his wife was doing at her residence, some ninety miles away. "She is sitting in her parlor," said the lady, "and she looks out of the window, as if in expectation." "Strange," said the gentleman, "whom can she expect?" "Some one enters the door, she sees him and caresses him fondly." "Horrible!" interrupted the gentleman, thinking of the divorce court. "Now he lays his head on her lap, and looks up tenderly into her eyes." "Dreadful! she shall suffer for this." "Now he wags his bushy tail!" And as this explained the story old Jealousy decamped, and resolved not to be inquisitive again in regard to his wife.

**THE FIRST PAIR OF PANTS.**—A young New England mamma, on the important occasion of making her little boy his first pair of colored trowsers, conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind and before, so that they might be changed about and wear evenly—and so she fashioned them. Their effect, when donned by the little victim, was ludicrous in the extreme. Papa, at first sight of the baggy garments, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," burst into a roar of laughter, and exclaimed, "O, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why, the poor little fellow won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."

**STRONG CONVICTIONS.**—Frederick the Great was always very fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated his discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed to enter the arena against him. One day he was more than usually disposed for an argument, and asked one of his suite why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question. "It is impossible, sire, to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such strong convictions, and who wears such thick boots," was the reply.

**CRINOLINE AND WHISKY.**—A lady was passing along a street, when she met a young man carrying more punch than the law allows, and who on staggering by stepped on her dress. Turning to the lady he remarked: "Hoops take up too much room."

To which she replied: "Not so much as whisky, sir," and passed on.

**A BRAVE EMBASSADOR.**—Ivan IV, surnamed the Terrible, Czar of Russia, perceiving Sir Jeremy Bowers, the Ambassador of Queen Elizabeth, with his hat on in his presence, thus rebuked him: "Have you not heard, sir, of the person I have punished for such an insult?" He had, in fact, punished him very savagely, by causing his hat to be struck through with a nail, and fastened to his head. Sir Jeremy answered: "Yes, sir, but I am the Queen of England's ambassador, who never yet stood bareheaded to any prince whatever: her I represent, and on her justice I depend to do me right, if I am insulted." "A brave fellow this," said the Czar, turning to his nobles; "a brave fellow, truly, who dare thus to talk for his sovereign's honor! Which one of you dogs would do so for me?"

**BRUTE ATTACHMENT.**—It is said to be a fact that all sorts of brute animals attach themselves more readily to men than to women. We hardly know to which of the sexes this preference is a compliment.

## Bripleur Cabinet.

THE WORLD'S CONQUEST BY FAITH.—"And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."  
1 John v, 4.

The mightiest of conquerors is faith. The conquests of the world's greatest chieftains pale into insignificance before its splendid moral triumphs. Alexander conquered the world, and yet the world conquered him. He whose mighty legions bore him over all opposition to the height of human ambition and glory, even the proud Macedonian monarch fell a conquered victim to his own appetites and lusts. Infinitely more glorious was the conquest of the apostle to the Gentiles, "who kept his body under subjection," and who arose from the crucifixion of himself the sublime moral conqueror of the world. Inspiration itself asserts that "he that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city." We have in these words I. THE WORLD'S CONQUEROR—"Faith." Faith is indeed a grand moral power—a vast and mighty force in the spiritual universe. But

1. *What is faith?* The apostle answers, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Here we have a twofold definition of faith. First. *It is the substance of things hoped for.* The idea here is, that what we hope for is a veritable and substantive reality, and that faith derives therefrom a present fruition, even the salvation of the Gospel, the blessings of which constitute "the substance of things hoped for." It is the glorious privilege of the believer through faith to realize something of the joy and bliss of heaven before he enters upon their fuller and sublimer developments in the heavenly world. In its prelibation of the glory of the future life faith even here "tastes the good Word of God and the powers of the world to come."

Secondly. *Faith is the evidence of things not seen.* The apostle here evidently means that faith has its own peculiar evidence, though that evidence is not cognizable to the intellectual apprehension of man. But that which the mind can not comprehend by any process of reasoning—namely, how "Christ is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption"—is, by the mysterious power of faith, perfectly clear to the vision of a regenerated soul. Faith demonstrates its divine work in the human heart by enthroning God, purity, and happiness there, by filling it with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Here is evidence conscious to the soul, though, as the apostle expresses it, "not seen." So that Charles Wesley uttered a sublime truth in Christian experience when he sung,

"The things unknown to feeble sense,  
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,  
With strong commanding evidence  
Their heavenly origin display."

II. THE WORLD'S CONQUEST BY FAITH. "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

1. *Faith conquers the world by conquering the worldly element of man's nature.* Faith is man's normal condition, the original condition of his nature. But sin has disturbed the moral harmonies of the human soul and thrown man away from the center and source of all his happiness. To return him to his normal condition, to bring him back to God, purity, and joy, is at once faith's sublime mission in the world. The result of man's disordered moral condition through sin is the love of the world instead of God, of worldly instead of spiritual things. St. John sums up every thing dear to the unspiritual heart in these words, "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." Here man's strongest natural desire is his greatest spiritual enemy, for he pursues in his false life what is destructive of his interests and happiness as a moral intelligence. On the altar of the world and things of the world hecatombs upon hecatombs of human victims have been slain. Here fell Alexander and Cæsar, and here have fallen millions of our race. And yet mortals amid the thousand splendid moral wrecks along their course in life to-day still pursue the follies of the generations which have gone before them. Why? Because they live a life false to their happiness—they have not faith.

But faith in the crucified One conquers the unspiritual element of our nature by destroying its love of the world and worldly things. It purifies the moral nature and gives it a new class of loves and desires. It dethrones the world from the heart and places God and purity on the throne of its affections. In entering upon the soul's true life—a life harmonious with all its interests and hopes—"old things are done away and all things become new." The heart which must love has in spiritual things something nobler, something diviner to love than the seen and the temporal. Its aspirations rise in the life of faith infinitely above the objects which ordinarily satisfy human ambition, those for which warriors bleed, philosophers write, and poets sing; they take hold of and hold fast to the spiritual and the eternal as the sum and source of the soul's highest good. The things of the world are consciously to the vision of faith outside of the soul, and therefore outside of all the conditions of happiness. They are earthly, and therefore perishable, while that which meets the demands of the soul must be, like itself, spiritual and imperishable. "Whom, having not seen, ye love," exclaims the apostle; "in whom, though ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Again:

2. *Faith conquers the world by investing its possessors with a spirit superior to its adversities and misfortunes.* At this point the philosophy of earth has ever failed, and here that of the skies has ever triumphed. Faith conquers the hardest human lot, brightens and blesses the darkest hour of adverse life. And no conquests of this mighty principle are more glorious and sublime than its triumphs of endurance. To do and dare for truth in the presence of its enemies is indeed

a sublime work, but patiently to suffer for devotion to its cause is even sublimer. The great bard has well said,

"How sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong!"

Says an elegant writer, "The sea in its wrath is mighty, but so is the rocky shore that confronts it and heaves it back. It is an overwhelming energy with which a comet sweeps along its track; but it is not so great as that which holds the planets to their center and binds them in glittering harmony forever." Sublime beyond all conception was that faith that impelled a Daniel to pray when to do so was to be thrown into the den of lions; as was also that which dared to say in the case of the Hebrew worthies to imperial royalty itself, "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter." Never did Job's character stand out in such moral grandeur, never was he so strong, as when, in the midst of his bitterest trial, he said in the conscious repose of his faith in the wisdom and rectitude of the Divine Providence, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Well might the apostle, in looking over the vast army of the world's conquerors and grasping the mighty principle by which they conquered, exclaim in reference to them, "Who, through faith, subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." The grand secret of their conquests was faith—irresistible, persistent, all-conquering faith. Lastly,

3. *Faith conquers the world by conquering the natural apprehensions of the human heart in prospect of dissolution.* Whatever triumphs merely human energy has accomplished over the trials and misfortunes of life, here, at least, it has always signally failed. Human philosophy stands appalled before the repulsive, terrible majesty of death. Upon life's last battle-field, that solemn conflict which decides the destinies of eternity, faith only has death-conquering triumph.

"Death's terror is the mountain faith removes—  
That mountain-barrier between man and peace.  
'Tis faith disarms destruction, and absolves  
From every clamorous charge the guiltless tombs."

We are, reader, in the midst of a great moral conflict. The world will either conquer us or we it. Victory will make us blessed, or defeat will ruin us forever. If we would conquer we must have faith, for "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." F. S. C.

ASK GREAT THINGS.—"Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." John xvi, 24.

To a friend asking aid Alexander gave a blank order on his treasurer to be filled with any sum he might choose. The indigent philosopher immediately demanded ten thousand pounds. When the treasurer, who had refused to pay the sum, remonstrated with the king, Alexander replied, "Let the money be instantly paid. I am delighted with this philosopher's way of thinking. He has done me a signal honor; by the largeness of his request he shows the high idea he has conceived both of my superior wealth and my

royal munificence." Is not the King of kings honored by large requests? Few seem to be aware how he is dishonored by their not rising to a more comprehensive and vigorous grasp of faith. All need to be placed in a school where they shall go on from one grade to another in learning the proper scope of supplication and the fullness of God's promises.

What a slight is it upon God, who has exhaustless treasures in store for the Church and the world, who throws wide open the door and invites believers to become almoners to the largest amount, for them to look doubtfully on, and take hardly enough each for himself when thousands might as well be filled! Thus are souls kept starving and Zion languishing. O, needless famine! O, fraudulent bankruptcy! We would be no longer content with moderate desires and requests. In view of the promises we would stir up ourselves to a devout enterprise, would strike out upon this broad ocean and spread all sail. There is as much encouragement to seek great things as to seek at all. Has not past experience sometimes surprised us by the largeness of bestowment, and that, too, merely as an earnest of what God is ever ready to grant?

A STRIKING EXEGESIS.—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Genesis i, 1.

We have often been impressed with the sublimity of this passage and its pregnancy of meaning, but have never been able to conceive its fullness so clearly as it is expressed in the following comment upon it by Rev. Dr. Murphy, Professor of Hebrew in Belfast: "This simple sentence denies atheism, for it assumes the being of God. It denies polytheism, and, among its various forms, the doctrine of two eternal principles, the one good and the other evil, for it confesses the one eternal Creator. It denies materialism, for it asserts the creation of matter. It denies pantheism, for it assumes the existence of God before all things and apart from them. It denies fatalism, for it involves the freedom of the Eternal Being. It assumes the existence of God, for it is he in the beginning who creates. It assumes his eternity, for he is before all things, and as nothing comes from nothing, he himself must have always been. It implies his omnipotence, for he creates the universe of things. It implies his absolute freedom, for he begins a new course of action. It implies his infinite wisdom, for a *kosmos*, an order of matter and mind, can only come from a being of absolute intelligence. It implies his essential goodness, for the sole, eternal, almighty, all-wise, and all-sufficient Being has no reason, no motive, and no capacity for evil; it presumes him to be beyond all limit of time and place, and he is before all time and place."

RELIGION IN PUBLIC LIFE.—"Then David returned to bless his household." 2 Samuel vi, 20.

Sir Thomas Abney kept up regular prayer in his family during all the time he was Lord-Mayor of London, and in the evening of the day he entered on his office he, without any notice, withdrew from the public assembly at Guildhall after supper, went to his house, there performed private worship, and then returned to the company. What an example of piety for public men to imitate!

## Inside Cleanings.

**THE WORDS WE USE.**—We once heard an intelligent gentleman assert that he could generally tell where a person had been born and brought up, upon listening to his conversation for a half hour. We think he might do more than that, and could give a very good estimate of the character of the individual from the words he uses. The words and the conversation of many would be improved by following these directions of Dean Alford:

Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a well-known oblong instrument of unusual industry; let home be a home, not a residence; a place a place, not locality, and so of the rest. Where a short word will do, you always lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness, you lose in honest expression of your meaning; and, in the estimation of all men who are competent to judge, you lose in reputation for ability.

The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

Write as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and, within the rules of prudence, say what you are. Avoid all oddity of expression. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words, or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that none will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemicals by carrying about bladders of strange gases to breathe, but he will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on common air.

When I hear a person use a queer expression, or pronounce a name in reading differently from his neighbor, the habit always goes down, minus sign before it, to stand on the side of deficit, not of credit. Avoid, likewise, all slang words. There is no greater nuisance in society than a talker of slang. It is only fit—when innocent, which it seldom is—for raw school-boys and one-term freshmen to astonish their sisters with. Talk as sensible men talk, use the easiest words in their commonest meaning. Let the sense conveyed, not the vehicle in which it is conveyed, be your subject of attention.

Once more, avoid in conversation all singularity of accuracy. One of the bores of society is the bore who is always setting you right; who, when you report from the paper that 10,000 men fell in some battle, tell you that it was 9,999; who, when you describe your walk as two miles out and back, assures you that it lacked half a furlong of it. Truth does not consist in minute accuracy of detail, but in conveying a right impression; and there are vague ways of speaking that are truer than strict fact would be. When the Psalmist said "rivers of waters run down my eyes, because men keep not thy law," he did not state the fact, but he stated a truth deeper than fact, and also truer.

**NOVEL-READING AND INSANITY.**—Dr. Ray, of the Butler Insane Asylum, in noticing some of the prominent causes of the increase of insanity in our day, lays stress on the light reading of the age. It fails to develop the mental health and strength needed to endure the trials of life, and by cultivating a morbid frame of mind, makes it more susceptible to certain forms of insanity. Hear him:

Generally speaking, there can be no question that excessive indulgence in novel-reading necessarily enervates the mind

and diminishes the power of endurance. In other departments of literature, such as biography and history, the mental powers are more or less exercised by the ideas which they convey. Facts are stored up in the memory, hints are obtained for the further pursuit of knowledge, judgments are formed respecting character and actions, original thoughts elicited, a spirit of investigation is excited, and, more than all, life is viewed as it really has been, and must be lived. A mind thus furnished and disciplined is provided with a fund of reserved power to fall back upon when assailed by the adverse forces which, in some shape or other, all of us must expect to encounter.

In novel-reading, on the contrary, the mind passively contemplates the scenes that are brought before it, and which, being chiefly addressed to the passions and emotions, naturally please without the necessity of effort or preparation. Of late years a class of books has arisen, the sole object of which is to stir the feelings, not by ingenious plots; not by touching the finer chords of the heart, and skillfully unfolding the springs of action; not by arousing our sympathies for unadulterated, unsophisticated goodness, truth, and beauty, for that would assimilate them to the immortal productions of Shakespeare and Scott; but by coarse exaggeration of every sentiment, by investing every scene in glowing colors, and, in short, by every possible form of unnatural excitement. In all this there is little or no addition to one's stock of knowledge, no element of mental strength is evolved, and no one is better prepared by it for encountering the stern realities of life. The sickly sentimentality which craves this kind of stimulus, is as different from the sensibility of a well-ordered mind as the crimson flush of disease from the ruddy glow of high health. A mind that seeks its nutriment from books of this description is closed against the genial influences that flow from real joy and sorrow, and from all the beauty and heroism of common life. A refined selfishness is apt to prevail over every better feeling, and when the evil day comes, the higher sentiments which bind us to our fellow-men by all the ties of benevolence, and justice, and veneration, furnish no support nor consolation.

The specific doctrine that I would inculcate is, that the excessive indulgence in novel-reading, which is a characteristic of our times, is chargeable with many of the irregularities that prevail among us in a degree unknown at any other former period.

**ANTIPATHIES AND FEARS.**—It is a difficult matter to account for the dislikes some persons have been known to entertain. Yet many instances are upon record of unaccountable antipathies, so deeply rooted that no exertion of the mind was capable of eradicating them.

Of this we have a striking instance in the brave Marquis de la Roche Jacquelin, who, though he was undaunted in the field of battle, yet could never help trembling and turning pale at the sight of the harmless squirrel. He was the first to laugh at his own weakness, but his utmost efforts were never able to overcome this involuntary terror.

Cardinals Cardona and Caraffa, a Venetian nobleman of the family of Barbarazi, and Lady Haneage, one of the maids of honor to Queen Elizabeth, swooned at the mere sight of a rose.

There was once a family in Aquitaine which entertained so great an aversion to apples, that the mere sight of one set their noses bleeding.

The very least particle of olive oil introduced in any dish, and however well disguised, was so obnoxious to a count of Barmstadt, that he was immediately seized with fainting fits.

In the year 1844 a French soldier was obliged to quit the service because he could not overcome his violent repugnance and disgust toward animal food.



## Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

**DEATH OF BISHOP HAMLINE.**—Just as we had distributed the last copy for our present number, and were closing up the final pages, intelligence was received of the death, on the 23d of March, of Rev. Leonidas L. Hamline, D. D., formerly Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the first editor of the Repository. No particulars of his death were given, but it was not unexpected to himself or his friends. For many years he had lived in constant expectation and readiness for the great change, and it did not come upon him suddenly.

He was born in the town of Canton, Connecticut, May 10, 1797, and was admitted on trial into the Ohio Conference in 1832. At the General Conference held in Cincinnati, May, 1836, Rev. William Phillips was elected assistant editor of the Western Christian Advocate, Dr. Elliott being editor. Mr. Phillips dying in the Fall of the same year, L. L. Hamline was chosen his successor. In 1841, on the issue of its first number, he became editor of the Ladies' Repository, holding the position till chosen Bishop in 1844. Feeling his health insufficient for the duties of the Episcopacy, he tendered his resignation of the same at the General Conference of 1852. Since that time he has resided chiefly in his own dwelling, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, the seat of the Iowa Wesleyan University.

**THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—We have received the Forty-sixth Annual Report of the Missionary Society. From it we gather the following items:

Our missions are divided into three classes—foreign, domestic, and missions in the United States and Territories not included in the bounds of any Annual Conference. We can notice only the first class in which we find,

1. *South American Mission*, commenced in 1836; Rev. W. Goodfellow, Superintendent; Rev. Thomas Carter, missionary.

2. *China Mission*, Rev. R. S. Maclay, D. D., Superintendent. Missionaries, 4; assistant missionaries, 7; native helpers, 10; members, 131; probationers, 28; value of mission property, \$45,025.

3. *Foreign German Mission*, Rev. L. S. Jacoby, Superintendent. Preachers, 20; preachers on trial, 9; local preachers, 8; students in the Institute, 10; members, 2,852; probationers, 1,280; preaching-places, 177; hearers, 12,030; mission property, 49,900 gold thalers.

4. *India Mission*, Rev. William Butler, D. D., Superintendent, now organized into a Mission Conference. Missionaries, 18; native local preachers, 10; native exhorters, 19; native school-teachers, 49; native communicants, 164; average attendance on Sabbath congregations, 515; Sabbath scholars, 443; native orphans, 200; scholars in the schools—males, 1,112; females, 210; total—1,322; baptisms during the year, 57; chapels, 10; Zytts—three to be built this year—1; school-houses, 19; parsonages, 19; total value of the property in the mission—rupees—146,377.

5. *Scandinavian Missions*, located in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; Rev. C. Willerup, Superintendent. Missionaries, 12; churches, 6; members, 949; local preachers, 12; exhorters, 14; Sabbath schools, 8; scholars, 195.

6. *African Mission*—a Mission Conference, Bishop Scott having Episcopal supervision. Traveling preachers, 19; members, 1,351; probationers, 142; local preachers, 36; native members, 98; schools, 20; scholars, 1,334; churches, 19; infant baptisms, 76; adult baptisms, 94.

7. *Bulgaria*, Rev. Albert L. Long, Superintendent, resident in Constantinople; Rev. F. W. Flocken, resident in Tultcha. For some years previous to the establishment of this mission, the peculiar political and religious agitations of the countries on both sides of the Lower Danube seemed to indicate very important revolutions in the conditions of society, opening the way for the speedy spread of evangelical Christianity among the people. These agitations have ceased, and the looked-for results have not been realized. As obstacles opposing the progress of the Gospel among the Bulgarians, there are many complications of their position, ecclesiastical, political, and national, which can not be here enumerated, and which are difficult to be understood by any excepting those who have given special attention to the subject; yet these very obstacles should still the more strongly excite our zeal and determination to overcome them, and with the blessing of God to succeed in planting in this important part of Europe a living and energetic form of Christianity.

**CHRISTIANITY IN JAMAICA.**—Fifty years ago Jamaica was, with very limited exceptions, a very Sodom of iniquity. All classes were addicted to most shameless profligacy. Marriage in many districts was hardly known, and on some estates was absolutely prohibited. Now concubinage is becoming branded as dishonorable, and marriage is becoming the rule; while family ties, and the hallowed associations of home, are inducing an improved social morality in other respects.

Fifty years ago, 300,000 out of 350,000 of the population were downtrodden and oppressed under the iron foot of slavery. Now, for six and twenty years the boon of liberty has been enjoyed, so that four-fifths of the present population can say, they were never in bondage to any man.

Fifty years ago the masses of the people were sunk in the grossest abominations of African superstition; to the great masses of them there were no Bibles, no Sabbaths, no schools. But now there is no longer a heathen community. Places of Christian worship occupy not only the towns, but lift up their head in almost every mountain village and district of the land; so that the public means of grace are brought within the reach of nearly the whole population. And every Christian denomination has a goodly band of faithful, hard-working, godly ministers, who watch for souls, as those who must give account unto God.

## Literary Notices.

**THE MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS. A Biography.** By the Rev. John Kirk. 12mo. Pp. 398. Toned paper, crimson edges, beveled sides. Portrait. \$2. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—The success of Methodism was in no small degree owing to the careful training of its founder by his excellent mother. Often in ill health, with the cares of a numerous family pressing upon her, and the anxieties attending an inadequate support, Susanna Wesley so executed the duties of her office as mother and teacher that a whole world feels her influence. It is fitting that the history of her life should be told as her own memorial and as a guide to others. This the author has well done. He was diligent in collecting his materials for the memoir, ransacking old archives, visiting various localities, prosecuting his researches in old burial-grounds, looking into parish registers, and examining government rolls; and the result is a painstaking, trustworthy, and full narrative of this eminent lady. It is a deeply-interesting and instructive book. It has already passed through several editions in England, and deserves as wide a circulation in this country. In the matter of its mechanical execution there is nothing to seek. Paper, typography, press-work, and binding can not be surpassed.

**THE CHRIST OF THE GOSPELS AND THE CHRIST OF MODERN CRITICISM.** Lectures on Renan's "Vie de Jesus." By John Tulloch, D. D., Principal of the College of St. Mary, in the University of St. Andrew; author of "Theism," etc. With an Introduction by Rev. I. W. Wiley, D. D. 266 pp. 16mo. \$1.25. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is a reprint of a work that has met with universal commendation by the press of Great Britain. The author, Dr. Tulloch, is one of the leading scholars of Europe, and has made himself well known in this country by his able work on Theism. The Edinburgh Review pronounces this work "timely, eloquent, and conclusive;" and says of its author, "no man in the country could bring greater qualifications to this work than Principal Tulloch."

**BEAUTIES OF SACRED LITERATURE: A Compendium of Christian Doctrine, Faith, and Practice.** Selected from various authors. Edited by a Lay Member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. 12mo. Pp. 676. \$2. New York: W. H. Kelly & Brother. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—The editor has well performed his work so far as the labor of compilation goes, and has given us a series of extracts from authors whose praise is in all the Churches. The number of names is not large, but the selections are choice. We could have wished a greater variety and a more copious selection from the fathers of the English Church, but what we have is abundant. The book is not for light reading, but for thought and study. It is severely didactic; but so much the better for the devotion of the closet.

**SACRED POETRY.** Selected from the Works of the Rev. Charles Wesley, M. A. Edited by a Lay Member

of the Protestant Episcopal Church. 12mo. Pp. 709. \$2. New York: W. H. Kelly & Brother. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—The poetry of Charles Wesley is receiving more attention than has heretofore been given to it. In many hymn-books he has been utterly ignored. In a few some of his best pieces are inserted without credit, clipped, changed, remodeled, or attributed to some one else. The bald verses of prosy rhymesters have too often been used to lead the devotions and kindle the aspirations of worshipers, while the rich treasures of genuine poetry, combined with religious fervor and ardent piety, were thrust aside as sacrilegious. We may respect the religious scruples of certain Christians who prefer bad versions of the Psalms to well-written hymns, but we can not think well of their taste. No version of the Psalms is satisfactory. A few have been well rendered, and but few. Even Charles Wesley failed in his attempts to reduce the Psalms to modern verse; but who can equal him in hymnology? This volume contains a selection from his best writings, with a few of his Psalmic efforts. A few pieces of his brother, John Wesley, are also included. Those who want Charles Wesley's hymns in his own words, without change or abridgment, will do well to get this volume.

**THE HAND-BOOK OF DINING; or, Corpulency and Leanness Scientifically Considered.** By Brillat-Savarin. Translated by L. F. Simpson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 12mo. \$1.25.—Two great questions which attract the attention of the public mind are discussed in this book. It is founded on Savarin's "Physiology of Taste," and is devoted to the cure of leanness and the reduction of corpulency, rather than to the art of giving dinners.

**METHOD OF PHILOLOGICAL STUDY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.** By Francis A. March. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. 60 cents.—A neat and useful accompaniment to the Rhetoric or a sequel to the English Grammar.

**MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY.** By Worthington Hooker, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. \$1.50.—This is the third of the text-books in science for the school and family—a series worthy of all commendation.

**THE ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS, for 1865.** Albany: L. Tucker & Son. 12mo. 30 cents.—This is the eleventh number of the series, which constitutes in itself a valuable agricultural library. Every man who has a lot of ground large enough to plant a vine or a dwarf pear-tree should own the entire set.

**TONY BUTLER.** A Novel, reprinted from Blackwood's Magazine. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 8vo. \$1.50.

**TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.** A Tale. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. 8vo. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

## Reiler's Study.

### THE LOVE OF GOD THE TEST OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

It is interesting to observe in the Scriptures the presence of a decidedly human element. We love to discover this humanity mingling with divine revelation, because it shows the Scriptures themselves to be a part of that wonderful scheme of enlightenment and redemption of which the great feature is the union of God and man, divinity and humanity in the person of one glorious Redeemer. We thus also see very clearly manifested the different characters of the sacred writers; and especially is this the case in the New Testament, where each writer seems to develop his system of Christian truth from his own standpoint, and to apprehend divine truth as it moves on his own mind and influences his own heart. Peter was a bold, energetic, laborious man, keenly alive to impressions made on his mind or heart, and, being impulsive in his nature, was always greatly influenced in action by those impressions. Paul was a ripe scholar, a matured reasoner, a man of sound judgment, a profound lover of truth, and ready to devote himself even to death to what seemed to his mind to be true. James, surnamed the Just, was an upright, practical man, a utilitarian, disposed to look on things on the side of their bearing on human life, and to judge of the merit or demerit of things according to their practical utility. John was thoughtful, contemplative, prone to the study of his own heart, disposed to look at the bearing of subjects in their relation to the inner life, seizing the reality of spiritual things, and manifesting them in the outer life.

It is striking how prominently these traits of character manifest themselves in the Christian lives and writings of these men, and how obviously the features of their own individuality appear in the development of their views and in their practical life. To Peter Christianity was divinity, God with us; to him the great idea was, "thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." To Paul Christianity was the truth; to James it was a life; to John it was an experience. Christ to Peter was the promised Messiah of the Jew, the "founder of the kingdom of God;" to Paul he was the truth of God, the manifestation of his justice and mercy; to James he was the holiness of God; to John the love of God. When Paul contemplates a doctrine or principle of religion he looks at its truth, he stops to analyze and prove it, and discovers wisdom and truth in it. When John looks at a doctrine or fact he applies it to his own heart, measures it by his own experience, and sees light, life, and love in it. We see the wisdom of Christ in the choice of these four men so alike in zeal and devotion for himself and his cause, but so different in mental and constitutional qualifications. They were just the men to bring out and present a full and symmetrical exhibition of Christianity, which neither one alone could have done, not because each did not know the whole of Christianity, but because each from his peculiar temperament,

mental habits, and natural tendencies would bring out his own side of Christianity into bold relief.

In this little company of revealers of divine truth we easily discover the position occupied by St. John. The great central idea in his theological system, which lies at the bottom of his own Christian experience, and from which he develops his whole train of ideas of the great scheme of human redemption, is love. He looks upon God, and, grasping in his thought the whole idea of deity, he discovers that the essential feature in the divine character is love. He looks upon the Savior of the world; he studies him in his wonderful life; he leans upon his bosom and feels the throbbing of his sympathizing heart; he comprehends the great subject of his redeeming death, and the essential feature in the perfection of the world's Redeemer is love. He sounds the depth of his own religious life, and the power which unites him to God and his Savior, the principle that links him to the people of God, the soul-refining and soul-transforming energy which animates and develops his whole Christian experience is love. God is love, the Gospel is love, the object of salvation is love, the sum of human duty is love, and the perfection of human happiness is to abide forever in a world of love. We have been struck by this beautiful syllogism of the apostle—"God is love. Every one that knoweth God loveth him. Therefore he that loveth him not doth not know him."

"GOD IS LOVE." What a remarkable form of expression! It is never said, God is anger, God is justice, or God is omnipotence, although it is said God is angry, is just, is all-powerful. It is a form of expression by which the apostle would convey to our minds the idea of something beyond mere beneficence, beyond mere loving in the Divine Being. Love is his nature. With God to love is as essential as to be. But in relation to the second proposition of his syllogism we should probably suppose this first sentiment to contain the idea of the Divine loveliness; as if the apostle had said, God in his nature and character is lovely, his infinite perfections are lovable, and therefore every one that knows him, that apprehends his true nature and character, loves him. The language also implies the manifestation of these perfections of the Divine character to the human heart. Even God, in order to be loved, must be made known; his character, his excellence, his own wonderful love must be made known to the creature.

God has not left us without a witness of himself. He has not withdrawn himself into the mystery and darkness of abstract being, and far away from us in the solitude of his own existence, commanded us to love him. He has manifested himself to us; he has placed himself before us; he has come very near to us; he has even sent the brightness of his own glory and the express image of his own person to dwell among us. He places himself before us in the universe he has made, and manifests his love in the goodness with which the universe is filled. We do not say

with the pantheist that the universe is God, but we say with the emotions of the pious heart that sees God every where, the universe is God manifested in creation. He comes near to us every day in the ever-shifting scenes of his providence, in the events in which we constantly see his moving hand, and in the wisdom and mercy of which he addresses our hearts and understandings. He has spread before us his Word, in which his true character and real excellence are portrayed before our eyes. He has devised and executed the great scheme of the Gospel, in which God is manifested in the flesh, and in which are displayed in the grandest possible manner the infinite excellences of the Divine character. And more than this, he is even ready to shine into our hearts to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. God, then, is not far from every one of us. We all may know him, and he that knows him loves him.

Of course this knowing of God that begets love is something more than a mere intellectual knowledge of God. A mere mental apprehension of the greatness, majesty, and perfections of God does not necessarily inspire love to him. On the contrary, in many instances such knowledge only serves to deepen the dread of God and to widen the separation between him and the human soul. The true knowledge of God is an experimental knowledge, a realization in the heart of his true character and excellence, a lingering of the infinite perfections of God before the soul by the realizing power of faith. The soul that knows God spiritually or experimentally sees God by faith, enters into communion with him, and seizes as a living, beautiful, adorable reality the sublime idea of God as manifested in his works, his Word, and his Son. This is the apostolic or evangelic knowledge of God, and thus to know him, thus to grasp and realize by faith his infinite loveliness and excellence inspires the soul with love to him. Therefore he that does not love him does not know him.

We have here, then, a great test of the Christian life and experience; he that does not love God, whatever else he may do or profess, has not that experimental knowledge which, in apostolic language, is eternal life. Though he speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and yet has not this divine charity, he is but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Whatever he may know of God intellectually, or however he may have studied his works, or however profoundly he may have investigated his Word, if his knowledge of God does not awaken within him deep and abiding love he may conclude he knows not God in the evangelical and saving sense. His knowledge of God is but as the dim, dark, and confused ideas of a dream, which make no impression on the mind and exert no lasting influence on the character, and not as the vivid and actual realizations of life, which fasten upon the heart and mold and direct the life.

Thus, too, the love of God appears before us as the first great and essential principle of religion and the first great feature of a genuine morality. No matter what may be the professions made by men, or how enlarged may be their claims to be recognized as

Christians, without the love of God in the heart they are so far from having realized the Christian life that they have not even attained to the true knowledge of God. And whatever may be the claims presented by the mere moralist on the score of an upright life and a general virtuous deportment to be recognized as a friend of virtue, a lover of truth, a moral man, or a good citizen, it is clear that without the love, the warm, earnest love of God, however he may deserve our respect, he has no goodness that is acceptable to God, no virtue in the sight of Heaven, and no claim even to a genuine morality, for he has not attained the first principle of all true morality—the love of God.

It is important, then, that this great test and essential feature of all true morality and of all true religion should itself be well understood. What is it to love God? is a question of no small moment in its relation to the Christian life. We answer, it is not to seize hold of the mere idea of God as manifested in creation with a gloomy imagination, and lose the real Creator in the magnificence of the creation. It is not to stand enraptured before the mighty, the grand, the sublime spectacles of nature, and forget in our admiration of these wonders the Being who called from nothing all this magnificence. We know the glowing admiration which may be kindled in the human soul as it looks out upon the great universe and contemplates the charm and beauty of the starry heavens, the smiling landscapes of fields and woods, the infinite variety of mountains, hills, and plains, the laughing streams, the broad rivers, the thundering cataracts, and the wild harmony of the seas; but we know, too, that all this enthusiasm may spring from and end in the mere scenes that inspire it; that the sensual poet, the enthusiastic naturalist, and the profligate infidel have stood as enraptured before these sights as the pious Christian.

We answer again, it is not mere intellectual appreciation of the greatness and worth of God. Jehovah in his abstract being and in the display of his attributes in his works may become an intensely-interesting subject of study, enlisting the deepest inquiries of the soul, and the man of thought may become enraptured in his explorations of the vast field that opens before him, and, losing himself in his profound and abstract thoughts, he may overlook and forget the real, living, personal God, while he is only clothing with attributes a mere idea. Man may study the Divine nature, analyze the Divine attributes, harmonize the character, the works, and the manifestations of the Deity, build for himself a theory of doctrines, and be enraptured with the beautiful ideal which his genius has developed, and yet not love God—and yet all this be rather satisfying a curiosity of his intellect than supplying a want of his heart. To such a man God is a subject of study, a science, and is as dear to him as the starry heavens are dear to the astronomer, as the world of plants and animals is dear to the naturalist, or as rocks, and minerals, and fossils are dear to the student of zoölogy. But this study does not touch the heart or modify the life, and the pagan polytheist, the modern philosopher, the dreaming pantheist, the questioning theist may all meet here as fellow-students of the science of God.



We answer again, it is not a mere sentimentality that manifests itself in occasional spasmodic outbursts of emotional feeling as some striking display of Divine compassion or beneficence appears in his works or his providence. Sentiment, susceptibility to easy and deep emotion is a thing beautiful enough in itself, and throws a mild sunshine over many of the rough scenes of human life; but it is not that part of the soul which God has chosen or attuned for the love of himself. For this it is too light, too transient, too fluctuating. The sentimentalist may be softened into emotions of tenderness as he looks upon some wise and kind arrangement in the creation, or some exhibition of the tenderness and care of the Great Parent for his creatures, and may feel a fugitive emotion of gratitude for these beneficent arrangements, and may even overflow with tears, while his heart is still empty of God himself. These emotions are transient and super-

ficial, floating on the surface of the soul like those broken waves of the ocean which ruffle its bosom but leave the depths of the great sea untouched.

But love, true love to God, is the love of himself, not merely of his works, not merely of an ideal being that our imagination has created, but the living, the real, the true God. It is the love of his character, not only of his beneficence, but also of his truth and holiness. Love to God is that deep, active, and life-giving emotion of the soul inspired by the realization of the true God, of his real character, and of our relations to him, which loves his entire will, seeks to please and obey him, delights in him, yearns for communion with him, sympathizes with his gracious purposes, coöperates with his grand designs, seeks his glory, and proves its presence by its influence on the heart and life. He that thus loves knows God, for God is love.

### Editor's Table.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—We present our readers two interesting engravings for this number. The first, a "Scene on the Nile at Philæ," above Syene, the ancient boundary of Egypt, is from a picture by W. H. Bartlett, one of the first landscape painters of England. It was engraved for us by the enterprising young artists who have associated themselves as the "Western Engraving Company," at Chicago, after an engraving from the original picture in the Gems of Art. We can not better introduce the picture to our readers than by the following extract taken from the journal of Mr. Bartlett, the accomplished artist:

"We had reached the limit of Egypt, the 'tower of Syene,' the modern Assouan, and moored beneath the granite rock covered with the ruins of its old fortress, round the base of which the Nile flowed rapidly, scarce tranquilized after its struggle through the rocks and sands of the first cataract, to pass which was our next day's business. The Captain of the Cataracts, as he is called, a Nubian from the village of Philæ, was sent for, it being his business—*cum privilegio*—to assure the safe passage of all boats passing and repassing. A bargain was soon struck, and early in the morning he came on board with his men. His appearance at once inspired confidence in his capacity and resolution; he stationed his half-naked men in different parts of the boat, our own crew were to work the sails as ordered, and under such a leader they seemed inspired with a degree of alacrity very different from their usual indifference which had hitherto been our daily torment. Our broad sails were thrown out to the Etesian wind; we flew rapidly past Elephantina, and soon reached the outposts of that maze of rocky islets through which the noble river forces its tumultuous passage from Nubia into Egypt. All was now attention; as we entered the foaming currents the quick eye of the master-pilot glanced from rock to rock, the man at the bows watched the turn of every eddy. Quickly and dextrously our course was changed; at one moment our huge sails, bellowing, straining

with their utmost force through the boiling torrent, we seemed bearing down upon a pile of granite, against which our bark would have crashed like an egg shell, when almost touching it the voice of the Reis was heard, calm and clear above the roar of the troubled waters, and a sudden shift of our canvas would bring us up on the edge of a sandy shoal—nervous work enough for a few minutes, till reassured against peril by the calmness and dexterity of our pilot, we could enjoy the wild and exciting grandeur of the scene around us, which assumed a new aspect with every turn of the helm. It would seem as though the principles of life and death, of the burning desert and the fertile valley, seen ever side by side in this wonderful land, had met in convulsion, and in the midst of the coil of the half-prisoned river, left traces of a doubtful struggle for the mastery. Here rises, sheer from the flood, a huge pile of black and frowning basalt, the offspring of fire; there a green isle, covered with tangled palms and scented acacias; granite rocks, polished and slippery by the long action of water; lovely islets, bordered with a rim of the whitest and finest sand, sprinkled with mimosas, and vocal with birds. All these, wildly thrown together, and of every size, from large islands to single rocks, scarce peeping above the roaring current at this season of the Nile's rise, taxed the utmost skill and attention of our pilot. Darting from one side to another as the eddies required, we reached a point where the increasing roar of the river gave signs of a serious impediment to our progress; the Nubians, leaping into the stream and gaining the overhanging rocks, with loud shouts began to haul up the boat, but the force of the waters was such that, in spite of our still straining sails, we could not surmount its fury, but were evidently backing into a whirlpool edged with jagged rock splinters—an ominous predicament. It was now, at the decisive moment, that all but those required for the helm dashed into the flood, and with a long pull, and a strong pull, and a Heylessa—'God help us!'—chorus of increasing vigor, we shot up

the rapid into the quiet water above, and the rocks around echoed with the shouts and laughter of the naked and streaming Nubians. A calm and noble reach of the majestic river, shut in like a lake with its mountain border, soon opened on us through a portal of the last of those scattered piles of black rocks through which we had forced our noisy way; and in its midst an island slept, as it were in enchantment—the sacred Philæ, its temples of mysterious sanctity half hidden by sheltering groves of palm, and reflected far down into the broad, silent, and glassy river. Gliding across this tranquil basin, we furled our sails and lay the boat under the shadow of a high bank overhung with palm-trees—certainly the most beautiful spot in Egypt. The island of Philæ is not of great extent, but contains a temple dedicated to Isis, besides smaller buildings in the later Egyptian architecture, when its severe and massive grandeur had become modified by the influence of Grecian art. This elegance of its style is well adapted to the poetical character of the site and scenery, as appears in the detached building in the engraving, which from the water has a remarkably graceful effect. Another peculiarity of the architecture in the island consists in beautiful corridors of the lightest and happiest design, leading from the propylon of the great temple to the edge of the river. The views from every part of the island are full of a certain quiet and solemn beauty, which must have greatly added to the impressiveness of the spot, one of the most sacred in Egypt on account of its being the supposed burial-place of Osiris."

The engraving represents the usual landing-place, the beautiful detached building, called by the Arabs "The Bed of Pharaoh," being the principal object. It forms no part of the great temple, the propylon of which appears, however, in the background.

The portrait of Bishop Kingsley will be welcomed by thousands of the old readers of the "Western Advocate," who have often wished to see the man who stood so firmly for the right, for the country, for the Church, and for every good and noble cause. All our readers will welcome it as the portrait of one whom the Church has delighted to honor by placing him in her highest position of trust and responsibility. The engraving is in Mr. Buttre's best style, and that is the highest praise that can be given to a portrait. This is the last of our Episcopal series, and we must wait till the Church shall make some new bishops before we can thus adorn our pages again. Alas! who shall be the next?

**A NEW DIRECTION FOR BENEVOLENCE.**—The *American Union Commission*, like the Sanitary and the Christian Commission, has been called into existence by the emergencies of the war. Its work is relief and restoration. Thousands whom the war has reduced to want, or has driven from their homes, must now be fed, clothed, and saved alive. As fast as possible the waste places must be repaired; homes which have been impoverished or demolished must be restored, and the blessings of industry and of peace must be revived wherever war has spread its desolations. For these objects this Commission has been organized. It is a Commission, having the approval of the President of the

United States and the facilities of the War Department in the prosecution of its work. It is a *Union Commission*, caring for those who, amid the threats and terrors of the rebellion, have remained faithful to the National Government; and saving for the country, by timely generosity, the thousands of refugees whom the tides of war have cast upon our hands. It is *American*, because, as its object is national, it aims to embrace in one national organization a work that has heretofore been attempted by local and limited movements, but which belongs to the nation at large.

Already there is opening before the loyal people a vast and imperative work of philanthropy as fast as the theater of the rebellion is reclaimed to the Union, and the broad basis of this Commission will enable it to adapt itself to the various industrial, economical, and educational phases of that work which will arise upon the return of peace. By its fundamental article, approved by the Government at Washington, the Commission "is constituted for the purpose of aiding and coöperating with the people of those portions of the United States which have been desolated and impoverished by the war, in the restoration of their civil and social condition upon the basis of industry, education, freedom, and Christian morality." We heartily commend this new Commission to the favor of the same loyal and benevolent multitudes who have already done so much for the two great Commissions whose history will be a glorious chapter in the records of our great war.

**A NEW ART ENTERPRISE.**—The readers of the Repository have frequently seen the name of Samuel P. Avery attached to our engravings as the proprietor of many of the beautiful paintings from which some of our choicest pictures have been engraved. We have been much indebted to the excellent taste and cheerful coöperation of Mr. Avery in reaching and maintaining the high position which the Repository holds in its department of engravings. We are now glad to learn that he has at No. 694 Broadway, New York, "an establishment for engraving, publishing, and general agency for the purchase and sale of fine oil paintings and other works of art." He has made arrangements to receive occasional consignments of superior paintings and drawings directly from distinguished foreign artists. But he especially solicits orders to purchase on commission such works of art from American artists. Many years of association with these artists, and earnest love and study of their works, will enable him to present peculiar advantages to those who desire to procure choice selections. We cordially commend Mr. Avery to any of our friends who may wish aid or counsel in the purchase of fine pictures.

**ARTICLES ACCEPTED.**—Lisbeth's Lesson; Diligent in Business; The Raindrop; Great Sacrifices, etc.; Theodore Beza; A Night in St. Augustine; Klopstock; The Smitten Christ; I am Living in the Shadows; We are Growing Old; The Past; and The Woodland Shade.

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—The American Indian; Sorrow's Promises to the Christian; The Star of Bethlehem; A Dirge; To Maime in Heaven; The Story of a Remarkable Child; Flowers; Night on the Battle-Field; A Place for Every One; and Only One was Killed.





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THE LITTLE OLD LADY